

IRELAND TO-DAY

SOCIAL • ECONOMIC • NATIONAL • CULTURAL

DECEMBER 1937

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	IRELAND TO-DAY	1
FOREIGN COMMENTARY	JOHN LUCY	4
A VIENNESE MEDLEY	ROGER MCHUGH	9
OUR WESTERN SEABOARD	SHEILA KENNEDY	13
<i>Poem</i> : LANDSCAPE IN DONEGAL	AN PHILIBÍN	20
FOREIGN CONTROL IN INDUSTRY	J. V. BOURKE	21
MAURICE MAETERLINCK	LENNOX ROBINSON	31
<i>Poems</i> : AWAY	BLANAID SALKELD	
NIGHTINGALE IN AN ORCHARD	JAMES A. ENRIGHT	36
TONE AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN	EDWARD SHEEHY	37
IS FASCISM OUR FATE?	GARRETT O'DRISCOLL	43
<i>Short Story</i> : ESCAPE	C. E. MILNE	49
<i>Poems</i> : TÍR NA hÓIGE	SUIBHNE GEILT	
ADHARCA FIADHAIGH	NIALL MONTGOMERY	56
<i>Letter of the Month</i> : HIBERNIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT	GERALD O'BEIRNE	57
ART: KEATING	JOHN DOWLING	61
MUSIC: SOME IRISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS	HERBERT WILLIAM SOUTH	62
BALLET AND IRISH BALLET	EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR	64
THEATRE: ROGUES' GALLERY	SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA	67
FILM: CINEMA IN IRELAND	LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE	69
CORRESPONDENCE: <i>Letters from</i> REV. GERALD O'FLANAGAN, ERIC GILL, A.R.A., HARRY KERNOFF, R.H.A., SIR HENRY MCANALLY		71
BOOK SECTION		
THE "VISION" OF GEORGE RUSSELL	H. F. NORMAN	73
<i>Reviews by</i> : PROF. DANIEL CORKERY, RÓGER MCHUGH, DERMOT LAWLER, CECIL FFRENCH SALKELD, DONAGH MACDONAGH, NIALL SHERIDAN, SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, P. J. FITZSIMONS, GEORGE GILMORE, MARION REID, and others.		
THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT	DENIS BARRY	92

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ONE SHILLING

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

- ROGER MCHUGH, M.A., *Lecturer in English Literature, U.C.D.*; author of a biography of Henry Grattan, of which the American edition comes out this month; in this issue examines Austria, modern Sick Man of Europe, and has something to say about his physicians, the Great Powers.
- SHEILA KENNEDY, M.A., U.C.C., *Lecturer in History, U.C.G.*; she writes on a subject that demands immediate attention and of which she has first-hand knowledge.
- DR. JOHN POLLOCK, (AN PHILIBÍN), is well-known as a polished lyrist; his novel, dealing with Shelley's visit to Dublin, is to be published directly.
- J. V. BOURKE, M.COMM., U.C.D., has made a special study of banking in Ireland, and has broadcast from Athlone on economic subjects.
- LENNOX ROBINSON, Abbey Theatre Director and Producer, playwright of international repute, author of Church Street, The Lost Leader, Drama at Inish, etc.
- JAMES A. ENRIGHT, a young Kerryman, whose first lyric appeared in The Irish Statesman; is making an anthology of contemporary Munster poets; collector of modern first editions.
- BLANAID SALKELD, author of Hello Eternity, The Fox's Covert; her third book of verse, the engine is left running, is due immediately; has contributed poetry to The Criterion and The Spectator, and of translations from Russian poetry to The Dublin Magazine.
- GARRETT O'DRISCOLL, contributor to national magazines and papers in "the old days." Tailteann Prize Novelist.
- C. EWART MILNE, poet and short-story writer; spent some months lately in Spain representing the Spanish Medical Aid Committee.
- SUIBHNE GEILT, pseudonym of a young Dublin man, gives evidence here of being an accomplished lyrist in Irish.
- NIALL MONTGOMERY has collaborated with DENIS DEVLIN in a volume of translations into Irish from the modern French—from which we have published a fairly comprehensive selection.
- GERALD O'BEIRNE is a Dublin man with a score of bees in his bonnet; we have allowed him to button-hole our readers because he discusses a topical matter from a new angle.
- HERBERT WILLIAM SOUTH, MUS.BACC., T.C.D.; organist and choirmaster, St. Mary's Church, Donnybrook; St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, 1922-1928.
- H. F. NORMAN. His claim to write understandingly of George Russell is based on an intimate friendship, which, commencing in 1894, continued without break until his death; besides a close interest in Æ as mystic, poet and friend, he worked with him in the co-operative movement, deputised for him in The Irish Homestead (which he edited himself for some years), and occasionally in The Irish Statesman.

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections:

<i>Art</i>	JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.
<i>Music</i>	EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR.
<i>Theatre</i>	SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.
<i>Film</i>	LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.
<i>Books</i>	EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.

EDITORIAL

PERHAPS we should take advantage of this month of Christmas to abstain for once from controversial comment, to allow our minds to browse desultorily in fields we are wont to pass by. We feel ourselves that the flail might be given a rest and, perhaps, our moralising might work its way the better into torpid minds or hard hearts. But this is also a recognised month for stock-taking. Before the end of this month that closes a critical year, there will be much heart-searching. In the social world, the year can claim no positive advance worthy of note—the same outlandish theories of living obtain; money-making and power-getting are the summation of social aspiration; hate and distrust have dispossessed charity and hope; faith wavers between divided loyalties and the bonds are tenuous; the respectable criminal dines in high places while the zealot shows gaunt behind prison-bars; indulgence crazes the sated; behind the stately square, the slum festers; there the bodies of children, temples, too, of immortal souls, are crushed under the juggernaut of our collective selfishness—where, when, will it all end?

In the political world, a parallel confusion reigns. International schisms and conflicts, with their train of booms and depressions and their shifting groupings, are none of them without their repercussions in our remote outpost. And so the year ends with an increasing political instability. North and South find their Governments on edge. We do not go as far as political rivals to suggest that they are on precipice-edge. But flux and change are the keynote of the times, and if a seeming tolerance is extended to either Government, it is only because they stand as defined entities, whereas the ideal men are groping after is still embryonic or elusive. Time and the inertia of the institutions they operate are against them. Their weakness is inherent in their position. They lack courage or the energy to mend their ways.

For ourselves, we close our second volume with a poor record enough. Our readers have been more than kind; their encouragement, often vocal, has vitally helped in seeing us through another year. Of our shortcomings, we are painfully aware—no doubt January will find us grovelling at the foot of a monument of resolutions. We often wonder if we are accomplishing anything, getting anywhere? A doubt might even obtrude itself, are we doing harm? But along comes a heartening word—we

apparently are not lagging so far behind our intentions—and we renew our resolve not only to carry on but to improve.

●

The recent success of our efforts to ensure that good reading matter should not be denied our political prisoners started a line of thought that some readers may care to pursue. What is the function of the patriot—we mean the seemingly ineffectual patriot, who “gets worsted in the game?” What is the sociological role of the crank who gyrates inside a groove, earns the mild contempt of his fellow, dies and posthumously establishes a system? We have a Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty, a Safety First Association, a Town Tenants Association, a Society for the Preservation of the Countryside, a League for Social Justice—and we have IRELAND TO-DAY. To what extent is public opinion trained or the public conscience awakened by the endeavours of such institutions? The wilderness is wide and accommodates many lone voices. Cranks, zealots, patriots, martyrs punctuate time with their despised outpourings. The biggest charge that history or sociology can level against them is that they are before their time to an impracticable degree.

●

The campaign in England for the introduction of a metric system of weights and measures, and a decimal coinage, has become much more intensive and the efforts of the Decimal Association have been increasingly supported by many of the largest industrial firms. At such a time we must bemoan the scant interest taken here in such matters. Not to be unrecognisably far behind England seems to be the commonly accepted standard for us. It is high time we began to do some thinking for ourselves. We drive to the left though all America and Europe keeps to the right—except England. We fail to adopt the twenty-four hour clock and we unwittingly acquiesce in the alteration of our own time system to conform with that of England’s, heedless of the possible advantages of other systems. We adopt Summer time without taking the trouble to find whether what suits industrialised England necessarily suits our agricultural bias. We mouth of 3 feet one yard, furlongs, perches, 1,760 yards in one mile, when continental industry and continental education are enormously facilitated by the use of the metric system. We peddle in pennies and shillings, florins, half-crowns (half an entity that does not exist!) and pounds, while life is smoothed out in America and on the Continent by a rational, decimal coinage. Why must we adopt all England’s mistakes?

Apart from the substitution of the rational for the meaningless, we could contribute much to the breaking down of international barriers by addressing ourselves to the removal of some of these archaic and alien systems.

An experiment of great interest has been initiated in Dublin during the past month—the trial for a period of six months of the five-day week in the printing trade. The results may be fraught with considerable social significance, and serious students would do well to study Sir Jesse Boots' Report on the largest-scale experiment yet conducted on the other side of the Irish Sea.

A striking innovation bearing also on working hours, but in a different way, has been tentatively put into effect on one or two limited cases in England. The proposal, which is to introduce "staggered" office hours, is one which we personally have written on, over twelve months ago. Our theory had been that there is enormous wastage of capital assets, which could be obviated or reduced. Mass production has ensured the maximum productivity for the machine, but when such services as transport, electricity, catering, etc., are considered, the existence of "peaks"—periods of concentrated demand by the consuming public, as compared with the "base load" which may be regarded as the steady average consumption during the ordinary work-a-day hours—vitiate the whole efficiency of the system. The plant or equipment has to be retained at a high capacity capable of dealing with the heaviest rush. The traffic congestion at lunch hour is a case in point, the queues to be served at restaurants, the mobilisation at just three short periods in the day of the full fleet of trams and 'buses, whereas the depots and garages from 10 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. are filled with idle, surplus vehicles.

Our proposal which, independently, is now receiving consideration in England, was so to vary the office hours of certain groups of workers that the rush would be spread over longer periods, thus making for reduced "peaks" and necessitating a less capital investment in the plant, vehicles, equipment, restaurant accommodation affected. Any investigation or experiments could be carried out much more easily in a small country such as ours, if adoption on a national or municipal scale were approved. Dublin and Belfast would be the most likely points of application. The comfort of workers would benefit considerably and in general, many interesting if minor social changes would be effected. How far these changes are to be desired would have to be the subject of investigation.

FOREIGN COMMENTARY

NINETEEN nations were represented at the first meeting of the Brussels Conference on November 3rd, to discuss means of conciliation and mediation in the Sino-Japanese war. The presence of a representative from the United States, following Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago's speech, added interest to the proceedings, but this interest lessened to some degree when the American spokesman showed that his country was reluctant to take the lead. There were some objections to the presence of Russia's delegate on the grounds that Russia was not a signatory to the Nine-Power Pact, and Germany remained absent on that very score, in that she herself had not been a signatory.

The obstructive element which has so marred international relations at other conferences in the past thus appeared in its old guise, on the very first day of the Brussels meeting. Japan, as was expected, refused the invitation to attend.

The invitation was repeated, this time to negotiate with a special sub-committee of the conference, and again declined. The deliberate delay in the dispatch of the second refusal until the fall of Shanghai was assured, seemed calculated to embarrass the nations represented at the conference, particularly those with vested interests in China.

* * *

This embarrassment increased with the news of November 6th, that Italy had joined Japan and Germany in the anti-Communist agreement signed by them a year ago. The dangerous alignment foreseen by us last month thus came into being—a second “International” as it were, whose policy isolates Russia, supports Japan and the Spanish insurgents, and discounts French and British influences within the League of Nations.

The tactics of the new triangle are interesting to observe. Japan is openly inimical to the League. Italy remains in touch with it, grudgingly making qualified concessions in her play for time, with her eye on Spain, while Germany remains reserved, and waiting perhaps to override any collective action against Japan by presenting herself in the role of mediator.

The resource and energy of the new block cannot be ignored. They are widespread in their application, and now cover Spain, Central Europe, the Mediterranean seaboard, the Near East, China, and South America. It may be safely prophesied that they will do their utmost to discount the findings of the Brussels

conference, which condemn Japan for her breach of the Nine-Power and Briand-Kellog Pacts, and arrange for the setting up of machinery to decide on the nature of the action to be taken against China's aggressor.

* * *

The dangers that may arise from an international duel, coupled with Germany's intensified propaganda in middle Europe, and her demand for colonies, have at last compelled Britain to send Lord Halifax to Berlin for a clear statement of Germany's aims. Germany is regarded as the leader and the brains of the new triangle, and her appeasement seems to be the first requirement, if Europe is to continue without war.

Inside Germany the campaign continues against Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, and in Danzig, now a Nazi State, the Catholic Party, which lately commanded 30,000 votes, representing one-third of the city, has been suppressed for "illegal contact with the Vatican." Although Pole and German are both anti-Jew, the Nazi President of the Danzig Senate has intensified his drive against the Poles, and refuses to allow the erection of Catholic churches for their use. Poland's recent refusal to have anything to do with the anti-Communist agreement may be the cause.

Of the other central European states: Hungary, Roumania, and, to some extent, Bulgaria seem to be under German influence, while Austria and Czecho-Slovakia stave it off. Germany openly censors Austria's Ministers. Czecho-Slovakia is terrified, and is inclined to urge Britain to give Germany every possible concession, including lost colonies in order to distract her from expanding eastward to the Ukraine. At the same time, Czecho-Slovakia is not guiltless of neglecting the interests of the three million isolated Germans within her frontiers.

In England, one section of opinion, regardless of the fate of Central Europe, believes that if Germany is given a free hand there, she will surrender or postpone her demand for colonies. Another, and a growing group, now favours the return of the surrendered possessions.

* * *

France, of course, is horrified at the grant of the slightest concession to Germany, and alarmed at the disappearance of the last vestiges of the Treaty of Versailles, which was mainly of her making, and the root of endless trouble, as unjust treaties ever were, and will be. In addition to losing her colonies it will be remembered that Germany also forfeited about one-seventh of her territory in Europe, and suffered the imposition of

impossible fines and other indignities, which can be directly traced to America's backing out of the post-war Treaty negotiations and leaving to a vindictive France the vacated chair, and the power to cast the deciding vote. Events have now swung full circle with a vengeance, and England is again handed the "baby" by an uneasy partner, who is expert at asking, but not so good at conceding.

Lord Halifax's visit to Berlin has even been interpreted by some Frenchmen as an example of Britain's old perfidy, and there is unsettling talk of some secret understanding with Germany and Italy. The appointment of a British agent to General Franco is also suspect.

* * *

It would, indeed, be difficult to envisage a more complex and distracting state of affairs, than that which at present exists in Europe. A summary of plots and counter-plots alone would fill this publication from cover to cover. The only bright spot in the last month has been the tardy success of the London Non-Intervention Committee, which after many vicissitudes, including the desertion and return of Soviet Russia's representative, at long last agreed to the British plan of withdrawal of volunteers from Spain, as a preliminary to the granting of belligerent rights to both sides—a step with which those who strictly uphold the authority of constitutional governments may not entirely agree, and may even interpret as intervention by a non-intervention committee.

In Spain General Franco is concentrating all his forces, and it looks as though he means to pursue the campaign with every means in his power during the winter months. Should this be so, it is believed still that he will endeavour to isolate Catalonia as his next objective. His concentrations in Aragon, and the flight of the Spanish Government to Barcelona away from the threat of the insurgent navy based at Majorca, foreshadow big operations in North-East Spain. The capital Madrid will never fall now by direct open attack, which would cost too much in face of the numerous strong points, trenches, dugouts, and other obstacles within the city. It may, however, be encircled and isolated.

* * *

There is some reason to hope that the meetings of both sides with the visiting representatives of the Non-Intervention Committee may lead to some scheme for an armistice, or for the entire cessation of hostilities. Both sides, at any rate, are bound to be sounded by well-wishing neutrals.

Italy has already begun to withdraw her troops from Spain, and so at last shows some signs of co-operation with the League. She has also given effect to her agreement of September 30th to subscribe to control in the Mediterranean, and her navy took over an unspecified zone on November 11th.

The influence of Fascism is tending to spread, and Brazil's latest constitution, announced on November 10th is coloured by that ideal. Peru and Uruguay are also affected by it, while Mexico moves to the opposite extreme. The United States Government is troubled at the appearance of these influences in the New World, though at present it considers any comment inconsistent with the Pan-American agreement signed twelve months ago.

Italy is jubilant about Brazil, and still hopes that Portugal and Poland may eventually line up with Berlin and Rome. Portugal, however, did not hesitate to concur in censure of Japan at the Brussels Conference, and Poland, as stated above, simply refused to sign any anti-Communist agreement. Nothing short of a revolution, however, can shake Poland from her hard-ried and persistent policy of neutrality, but a revolution, it is said, is now within the bounds of possibility owing to agrarian unrest, shortage of raw materials, doubt as to the future of Danzig and other disturbing factors.

* * *

In Belgium the campaign of calumny against M. van Zeeland has at last forced him to resign the Premiership. He was succeeded by M. Spaak, who, however, just failed to form a ministry owing to a disagreement in the allotment of portfolios between Catholics and Socialists. This difficulty did not prevent M. Spaak from presiding at the Brussels conference, nor did it affect the visit of the King of the Belgians to England.

* * *

In the Near East Turkey has effected some changes in her cabinet, the main change being the appointment of a new Prime Minister—a Finance expert and a proved administrator, with a reputed aversion to civil servants, who allow red tape and pigeon-holing to cripple their initiative—a chronic disease, which Kemal Ataturk has now ruled as dangerous to Turkey's internal economy. Ataturk's foreign policy continues to be a prudent one. His motto is friendship with all nations on a friendly basis. Peace is his chief desire, and he has not hesitated to risk friendship with Russia by condemning her propagandist activities in his country. Turkey is well-guarded by strictly

observed regional pacts, and of late has been growing nearer again to England, whose interests she shares in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Further south Palestine remains in a disturbed state, and is under partial martial law. Italy's broadcasts in Arabic are no sedative to the near-east Arabs, and England, through the B.B.C., is contemplating a counter-offensive. France is also inclined to blame Italy for disturbances in Morocco, where radio announcements are no cure for a serious famine.

* * *

The war in the Far East has reached a second phase on the fall of Shanghai, and the approach of Japan's Northern army to the Yellow River, which marks the southern boundary of the territory she set out to conquer. Japan would now probably be content to end the war provided she did not relinquish the occupied territories, and on condition that she enjoyed special trading facilities with the rest of China, and she may look to Germany and Italy to state her claims in Europe.

In opposition are an outraged and patient China not yet outfought, the League of Nations, and the Brussels Conference. The strange mentality of the Japanese is ironically illustrated in an October issue of the travel news of *The Japan Tourist Bureau*. In this pamphlet there is a picture of the famous Temple of Heaven at Peking, above a notice inviting foreigners to visit North China, and to view the monumental relics of the past, which have suffered no damage in the war "entirely through the sacrificial (*sic*) actions of Japanese forces in their efforts to safeguard them." Could any satire on the hypocritical example of the West or on the parrot-like selectiveness of the Oriental mind be more effective, or more lamentable?

* * *

Where "big business" is concerned, it seems to be taken for granted that Ireland has but little to say in peace-time, while still subject to an unjust tariff discrimination by a fellow member of the so-called Commonwealth, to which indeed it would appear that even a foreign country like Denmark is more a partner than we are. It would not be inappropriate to say now, and say definitely, that any agreement between England and any country whatsoever, entailing the import of bacon and other foodstuffs over shipping routes safe in peacetime, is hardly playing the game by us. The possibility seems to arise, that if in the event of war a hungry Britain should require foodstuffs from Ireland, we might not then find ourselves in a position to provide her.

JOHN LUCY

A VIENNESE MEDLEY

By ROGER McHUGH

OUTSIDE the brilliant cafés of the Stephansplatz, the tourists renew their thirst with salted almonds, sliced radish, and *pretzels*, drink cool beer or delicate wine, and consider the black bulk of the great cathedral opposite, whose saw-toothed spire thrusts at the stars. Its organist is at practice, and a flood of rich, heavy sound surges through the straddling arches, peopling the dark with ranked crusaders massed between stone pillars before the High Altar. Austrians, Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Americans, pass and repass in the gay streets. In the pleasant parks, the lovers stroll to a Strauss waltz, pursued by the sellers of roses, violets, cyclamen. The willows by the lake are floodlit, their leaves limp-green over the dark water; and on the grass are the huddled black shapes of many ducks, asleep.

Nine o'clock. The swarms of prostitutes come out. In the main streets the beggars join palm to palm in supplication. An ex-soldier with a scarred face limps wretchedly up Kärtnerstrasse past the lighted windows of the jewellers. Down the side-streets old men rake in ash-cans. For the butt-ends of Empire?

You pays your money and you takes your choice. Meanwhile, the police go by, armed with sword, truncheon, and revolver.

* * *

Sectarianism stands in the shadows watching them pass, the new sectarianism of ideologies. Nazis and Socialists contemplate each other much as a man from the Falls Road might contemplate a man from Sandy Row down a dark alley on the night of July 12th. About forty per cent. of the people want a Socialist Republic; another group, numerically about the same, looks towards union with Germany as Austria's only hope.

"*Ein Volk, ein Reich*," say the latter. "We have the same language, folk-lore, customs, songs, as the Bavarians. Why shouldn't we unite if we wish?" The young University student usually adds that in Vienna the Jews control the professions: he will quote you statistics, 80 per cent. of the medical, 89 per cent. of the legal. To the Socialists, rich Christian is linked to rich Jew with gold, poor Jew to poor Christian by neglect and hunger. Under the surface, both groups organise and wait. Here you must wear your sectarianism with a difference. You must refrain from open assault upon the other side, lest the police identify you with your own.

* * *

There have been no elections for some years now. Miklas is President, an old man of the rubber-stamp variety. Schussnigg is Prime Minister; he appoints the government. The rest is silence and the Fatherland Front, a curious organisation; young Jews are barred from its Youth Movement, and rich Jews contribute to its funds. For workers in big firms, for government employees, even for some priests, membership is compulsory. The young priests dislike being expected to act as recruiting agents for a "popular movement from above": the higher clergy, caught between fear of the Nazi's and fear of the Communist's attitude to the Church, compromise by playing ball with the politicians for the greater glory of God. Just as spontaneous are the demonstrations in favour of the government, which are held at regular intervals. Workers in the big firms, Civil servants, teachers, and the police are notified in advance. A popular demonstration in Vienna is like a man at Shelbourne Park, who watches his dog, which he has secretly backed to lose, surrounded by his friends, who have backed it to win, and who sees the beast romping home amid their congratulations. There used to be hecklers, but their mortality-rate grew rapidly, and now there aren't any. The crowd cheers despondently whenever the speaker pauses. Then it goes home and curses the police.

Of a similar nature are the voluntary pay-cuts ; the voluntary subscriptions for memorials ; the voluntary projects of buildings for the Fatherland Front ; and voluntary enlistment in this popular movement.

* * *

“ . . . what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? ”

Branches of a green bay tree, possibly. One has not to dig far for the roots. Hitler wants Austria. France, Italy, and Britain want a central Danubian state, Austria joined to Hungary, a sandbag of Europe, between Germany and the little Entente, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia. Opinion in Russia is probably divided between the politicians, who would like a Socialist Republic in Central Europe, and the military authorities, who realise that the flat plains of Austria and Hungary form the best line of approach against Germany. French financiers, who not so long ago crashed the chief Austrian bank because it looked too powerful, now collaborate with the City of London in injecting enough financial serum to keep Austria alive; simultaneously, by the same heavenly alchemy, they bleed Austria white in repayment of the interest on their loans. Meanwhile, their governments insist that the independence of Austria must be preserved. The rights of small nations are in inverse ratio to their uses.

* * *

So there are sermons in Vienna's public stones. The statues of the founders of this small Republic, whose integrity (as they call it) these great Powers protect, are nowhere to be found. The present government removed them, and balanced their symbolic budget by restoring the monarchical emblems which the early Republicans had disposed of. "Disposed of" is not used in the topical sense: they merely stored them.

The statue of Lassalle had an amusing history. The Socialist Municipal Government of Vienna erected it. It was huge and unwieldy, like that *rara avis*, Victoria, in front of the Dáil. After Dolfuss had put his pro-Italian policy into force by dis-

posing of the Socialists (the usage here is colloquial), the problem arose of what to do with Lassalle, nineteenth century German socialist. First, the authorities covered his head with sacking, and Lassalle stood there in the twentieth District, his head hooded, comic by day, eerie by night, like a man on the scaffold. Then the sacking was stolen, more or less regularly, and the authorities covered the whole affair with a tightly-roped tarpaulin. This was stolen, too. Eventually, they had to remove Lassalle ; and, of course, the Viennese said that he had been stolen as well, and that the Government has not finished with him yet. Whether they are right or not, depends on who wins the struggle for power that to-day is being decided in Austria, underground.

The new statues face south, towards the Brenner Pass and Italy. Equally symbolic is the double-eagle stamped on Austria's coins. The early Republicans had decided against this old and uneconomic janus-bird ; so they contented themselves with a single eagle. Now the original is back, like a new sort of phoenix, with one head looking towards France, the other towards Hungary ; which latter country will have about as much to say in the business as the bird itself.

* * *

Ten o'clock, and all's well. In the suburbs, in Grinzing or Sievering, gay groups drink the new wine and sing to the Heuriger music of violin, harmonica and guitar. In the Prater, Vienna's huge amusement park, faces show pinched against the glare and the blare. The tourists climb the heights of Kahlenberg and look down upon the Argus-lights of the vast city in the plain. Down these slopes, they reflect, once poured the Turks, to be beaten back from the stout walls below ; and they pour themselves another drink. In the *Hochhaus*, highest café in Vienna, the dancers huddle on a polished dancing-square ; a Jew croons into a microphone in English ; he sings " Good-night, Vienna," and the rich syrupsong of the negroes' muted trumpets backs his voice, with a dying fall.

ROGER MCHUGH

OUR WESTERN SEABOARD

By SHEILA KENNEDY

THE newspaper world with its harrowing pictures of bug-ridden attics, sewage-sodden halls and light-shy infants has done much to focus public attention on one of our two major internal problems in Ireland ; it took the human torch of Kirkintilloch to throw the same light of publicity on the second. For a few short weeks, that tragic light penetrated the Western mist. Now the torch is extinguished and Achill disappears once more from the public eye. For in these days of central control to be far from the seat of government is to be forgotten ; to be silent is to be ignored. The Western Seaboard is both remote and inarticulate. Want and injustice which breed violence in cities disturb the private lives of important citizens and so cannot be ignored, but angry voices are seldom raised in villages where, under an alien government, generation after generation learned the art of starving quietly through long bleak months before perishing in obscurity.

Romantic portrayals of western scenery and western peasant life are blinding the Irish people to the ugly truth that Connemara is a festering sore on our body politic. Seen in its proper light this quaint and delightful playground turns into a rocky unfertile stretch of land where thousands of poor families live and die, desperately struggling to keep their feet on the right side of the starvation line. If a war victim lay bleeding on the steps of some Spanish Cathedral few would forget his suffering body in order to concentrate on the architectural perfection of the building, so, for those interested in the problem of human existence there, Connemara loses its charm. Even visitors cannot always escape a certain feeling of depression. Man's heroic struggle with sea and rock (to appropriate music) as dramatised on the screen may thrill the soft-living townsman, drowsy on his red plush cinema seat, but faced with the realities of the same struggle, the sensitive city man turned tourist is

often struck by a strange chill which unconsciously cools his enthusiasm for the natural beauty around him. Others not so discerning, hearing no complaints and seeing the sun sparkle on a summer sea, return home to confirm the comforting theory that these people are really quite happy and comfortable. And are they?

THE FOOD PROBLEM

Thanks to the dole, actual death from starvation is unknown in Connemara to-day. The relief money is quite adequate for people who have never learned to eat. For the young, Great Britain still offers an escape; but close the ports, stop the "dole," and you have a famine. A false air of prosperity blinds the casual visitor to that fact. Comfortable stone houses have replaced many a mud cabin, but under the new roofs man still subsists on bread, tea and a few inferior potatoes dragged from a reluctant soil. The rest of the world may worry about vitamins and balanced diets, but the possibilities of decent food hold no interest whatsoever for the average Connemara man or woman. Small wonder that consumption finds easy victims in such a land.

Efforts to train young people for household work are frustrated to a large extent by the fact that nobody has got anything to cook. Even the few drops of milk necessary for the making of a simple loaf is sometimes difficult to find over miles of the rocky shelf. And while admitting the splendid work being done by the teaching profession in Connemara, yet for many, the sight of great new airy Continuation Schools constitutes the most depressing aspect of the whole problem, since their erection, at heavy cost to the taxpayer, presupposes the continued existence of a congested population on land never intended by nature for the support of human life.

TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT

Each of the two great political groups in Ireland has made some tentative efforts during its period of office to help the

people of the West ; neither has had the courage to tackle the problem in a big way. Inability to adopt any definite policy may be partly responsible for the failure to act. Two schools of thought exist as to how the nation and the Connemara man can best be served. One school advocates the retention of the native speaker on his native soil or rock through the subsidising of industries such as kelp, knitting, lace-work and carrigeen ; while the second school would have the government strain every nerve to undo the plantation. Amongst those genuinely interested in the language revival the majority undoubtedly belongs to the first school, yet it seems clear that experience has proved them wrong. Statesmen, British and Irish, have poured thousands each decade into the promotion of industries in the Gaedhealtacht and, so far as a permanent solution of the problem is concerned, they might just as well have poured the money into the sea. The present government, undecided in its policy, vacillates. Just one small move has been made in the right direction. If Leinster House could only be persuaded to continue on that road and turning its back for ever on un-settling, ephemeral official-ridden, wasteful " soup-kitchen " industries, to concentrate all ministerial energies on one vast migration scheme, the whole problem might be solved and well solved in this generation.

MIGRATION

The opponents of migration base their opposition on the following arguments : (1) That the soil of Connemara is not unfit to sustain human life, witness the generations that have grown to maturity there and the comparatively good times enjoyed by them at certain periods in the past. (2) The unsuitability of these people for farming work on rich land for which their perpetual delving in holes between rocks is no preparation. (3) The tragic loss to the Irish language which, once transplanted, will soon die out in an Irish colony situated like a little island perpetually washed by a sea of English culture. A brief

consideration of each of these points should help to clarify the issue.

The Connemara problem had no real existence before the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Previous to this, wealth poured into Western Ireland from the sea. The herring fisheries provided a living for thousands; oil from one sunfish could be sold for as much as forty pounds; Connemara wool was exchanged for wine, silk, lace, jewellery—a contraband trade on which many a fortune was built; and, however poor the land, as yet it was but thinly populated. From the close of the Napoleonic wars, however, Connemara suffered even more than the rest of Ireland. If wealth decayed and men increased in every part of the country several forces combined to speed the process on the Western seaboard. As the landlords drove the tenants from the hinterland, these poor wretches made their way to the sea, hoping to sustain life on various types of sea food. Dutton in his "Statistical Survey," published 1824, states that the small farms on the seacoast are held "by occupying tenants from various parts of Ireland" and as a result of the "Emancipation Act" of 1829, evictions increased disastrously. Later the herrings deserted the bay, and the oilfisheries of Newfoundland increased in scope and efficiency, and so the now crowded population of Connemara fell into the miserable plight in which it has lived down to the present day.

THE MIRACLE OF SURVIVAL

Famine and emigration disposed of the greater number of these people clinging to the rocky coast and even the remnants would have perished long since were it not for a strangely assorted series of philanthropic movements which each in turn supplemented the inadequate living to be wrung from seaweed and rock.

Directly after the great famine the proselytizing societies appear on the scene. With Indian meal for bait the Society for Irish Church Missions caught thousands of children and

adults in their net-work of Bible schools spread over the famine, stricken land. Then, striving to counteract their influence, Catholic bodies also began to distribute relief; and to that keen competition for souls is due the bodily survival of many a Western family.

Next in order came the government relief schemes organised from the "nineties" with a view to killing Home Rule by kindness. Neither the Catholic religion nor Home Rule died of philanthropy, but the schemes to destroy them each in turn contributed to the survival of the Western peasantry.

Meanwhile the greater Connemara beyond the seas, having carved out a place for itself in the United States of America, began to contribute to the support of those unfortunates whom fate compelled to live out their lives on the family holdings. In recent years, as the source of wealth began to dry up, Providence strangely enough directed a new stream of gold into the very poorest and most congested districts concerned.

For many years now language enthusiasts have put thousands of pounds into circulation throughout the West and, unlike their predecessors, the newcomers have contributed something more than bodily sustenance to these districts. Their coming has added interest and gaiety to the people's lives.

So the Gael has survived on our Western Seaboard, but it is farcical to suggest that any single generation since the famine has drawn its full sustenance from the land of "Cois Fhairige," that stony part of Connemara on which the poor dwell. In a comparatively short time the battle for the Irish language will be lost or won, and in either case Irish will cease to be a source of income for Connemara. Alternative provision must be made for these people before the transitional period of the language revival is over.

Granted, then, that the people of Connemara never have lived, and never can live, on the one or two acres of land tilled by the average householder, it follows that steps must be taken to solve the problem of their future existence. Some scheme of

land distribution naturally suggests itself. For however difficult it may be to teach an adult to plough, to harrow and to reap, a childhood passed in Conenmara constitutes a better preparation for such a life than for factory work of any kind. Devoid of training the men of the West have won their way in the American struggle for existence, and it is difficult to believe that the same men could not now make good on the better lands of Connemara or in Meath, at least when the second generation puts its hand to the plough.

To condemn the migration scheme as a blow against the Irish language is to shut one's eyes to the fact that the young and strong leave these districts every day independent of any government schemes and that they have done so for generations, their Gaelic heritage expiring with them in the back streets of foreign cities. In Meath they are still with us. If the revival movement is not strong enough to ensure that the migrants will retain their grip on the Irish tongue in their new homes, then talk of revival in purely English-speaking districts is a mere farce. If the language dies in Meath it will also die in Connemara. Poverty and bad living conditions are of themselves a hindrance, not a help, to national culture. In spite of them, not because of them, the Gaedhealtacht has remained a storehouse of Gaelic speech and tradition. Isolation has been the main factor in the language survival; that isolation is no longer possible. Almost every Anglicizing influence to which the new colony is exposed will play equally upon the people left at home. Powerful resistance to such influences could emanate from a strong colony in Meath, decently housed in frugal comfort and so freed from that inferiority complex which now plays a big part in the anglicization of the West.

For success, the problem will have to be forced with the courage and vision of a Chichester, a Wyndham or a Mussolini. The difficulties are numerous, but it is for the surmounting of such difficulties that governments are constituted. Had the revolutionary movements of the nineteenth century given birth

to a native legislature like unto Dáil Éireann, how far would the Irish farmer have fared? Would that land problem have been quickly solved which involved not a few thousand families, but the whole rural population of Ireland almost? Imagine the feelings of an unfortunate Irish minister finding himself involved in a war on vested interest, necessitating the expenditure of some one hundred and fifty million pounds. Luckily enough, only a tiny section of that work remains to be done.

Plantations are usually the work of Dictators. Timidity in embarking on a "replantation" scheme is very natural in a government dependent for existence on the taxpayer's vote. It took a newspaper campaign to make the Dubliner realize how his neighbour in the next street is living. Some such propaganda is badly needed to change our attitude towards the people of the Western seaboard. All through the tourist season Irishmen are to be seen proudly exhibiting to foreign visitors the sub-human condition of western life. To his fellow-countrymen, the Connemara man has become a kind of interesting museum specimen. Better leave him where he is. Forgetting that every argument (save only the linguistic one) now being used against migration, was voiced in the early "eighties" against the creation of peasant proprietors, the average man in Ireland is vaguely hostile to the new scheme. Some of that hostility might disappear if he could be made to realize that under the present "laissez faire" policy Connemara will become one vast crowded workhouse in the near future, the upkeep of which must fall on the public purse. Through the "dole," demoralization spreads and idleness becomes a habit. In return for money spent on a migration scheme the nation could count at least on the productive work of the migrants, on an extended use of the Irish language, and on the restored self-respect of thousands of young people. A realization of these facts might awaken popular sympathy and that measure of popular support which will embolden the government to undertake a serious migration scheme—a reality, this time, not a mere gesture.

SHEILA KENNEDY

LANDSCAPE IN DONEGAL

Sea-winds blanch
Cold squalls lash
The twisted branch
Of the withered ash ;
Like a witch's arm
Bleached to the bone,
Threatening the farm
Huddled alone
In the heart of the warren ;
Under a gaunt
And ragged hill,
The gray crow's haunt,
Haggard and barren ;
Where cold cloud-drift
Clings, unravels
And crawls, until
From a tattered rift
A sunburst travels,
Between two falls
Of blearing rain ;
When the fitful strain
Of the bunting calls
From the shrivelled joint
Of the starveling tree ;
Where, in a point
Of light, his throat
Of yellow quivers
A long-drawn note
Of monotony.

The hill is blurred :
The soaked land shivers :
The sun is blotted
In mist : the bird
Unseen on the rotted
Branch : the whistle
Of wind-blown rain
Over bleak sea thistle
Begins again.

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FOREIGN CONTROL OF INDUSTRY

By J. V. BOURKE

IN dealing with the question of foreign control of industry, it is important to consider the exact nature of the control, whether actual or potential, and what is the danger to be apprehended from such control. It really resolves itself into a question of the danger to a country from the control by foreigners of certain industries in the country, and where no vital industry is at stake, the desirability of being too dependent on foreign capital for industrial growth and expansion. It is a matter which has been receiving much publicity in this country of recent years, and on which it is practically impossible to obtain any figures with regard to the relative amounts of foreign and domestic capital, and to what extent such capital means control. In 1932, the Control of Manufactures Act was passed, and amended in 1934, the aim of which was to place a definite limit on the amount of foreign capital which might penetrate into any particular industry, but it is doubtful if there was any clear idea at the time as to the existing position in the matter. The reason is that there are no figures available dealing with the subject, and it is extremely questionable if it would be possible to obtain any substantially correct figures; it has been a fairly prolific matter for public discussion, without anyone being in a position to contradict any statement as being erroneous. For example, the question of where the actual ownership of the Irish Banks really lay received more attention than it actually merited, for in fact approximately 75 per cent. of the share capital of the Irish Free State banks is owned by nationals, and if the thirty-two counties were taken, the proportion would be much greater. In the absence, therefore, of any clear statement on the position, and in view of the general interest which it appears to arouse, and also the possibility of further legislation

on the the matter, it is proposed to deal with it shortly, both theoretically, and as far as possible, practically.

The question usually arises when it becomes known that some important concern in a country has been taken over by a foreigner, and this usually causes a nationality campaign to be started against foreign ownership and control. Foreign capital usually penetrates into a country for a variety of reasons, the chief being that the indigenous capitalist is not sufficiently enterprising to invest money in a risky undertaking, or alternatively that there is not a sufficient quantity of domestic money available for investment in industry. This usually occurs in newly opened countries, or countries in the earlier stages of industrial development, where their resources are only partially exploited, or where the machinery of production is still lacking or inadequate. This happened in the first half of the 19th century, when the South American colonies belonging to Spain and Portugal gained their independence. (It has happened here.) There was a large speculative boom in England at the time, and much British capital went to South America for investment. In such cases there is an advantage to both parties. The benefit to the investing country is obvious from the interest and returns it receives annually. (Great Britain's foreign investments at present reach £4,000 millions.) The borrowing country receives the necessary machinery and equipment for developing the country's resources. The influx of capital creates a demand for labour, and stimulates industrial activity generally, and is beneficial up to a point where the payment to the foreign creditors is not excessive. It can become a menace to the creditor nation if a country becomes too dependent for its income from abroad, and is additionally dangerous to the debtor country if a foreign country has control of a vital industry. It is part of the policy of some countries to have certain defined interests in certain undertakings in foreign countries. The United States of America has been the greatest foreign investor in the world since the war, but it is remarkable that, in the

case of rubber, a commodity of which the U.S.A. is the greatest consumer, there has been hardly any American capital put into its cultivation, which seems to suggest that American foreign investment has been somewhat haphazard. An example of a country that can become too dependent on foreign capital is provided by Mexico where, it has been stated, 85 per cent. of the gross profit of the entire exports represent dividends and interest payable to foreign investors. Oil accounts for 88 per cent. of the exports, and 96 per cent. of the profits therefrom go to non-Mexican citizens.

Apart from direct loans to foreign governments, foreign investments usually take the form of public utilities, waterworks, drainage schemes, railroads, tramways, gas and electricity undertakings, mines, land, and banks. When the situation becomes serious, or shows indications of becoming serious, there are a variety of methods of controlling the situation, and they have all been put into effect in different countries, at different times, and with different results. These may be divided as follows :—(a) Nationality campaigns ; (b) Naturalization ; (c) Direct Legislation ; (d) Indirect Legislation, and (e) Internal Control.

NATIONALITY CAMPAIGNS

The national sentiment factor is one of the most difficult to measure, because it is primarily psychological and its intensity fluctuates widely from country to country. Since the war there has been a definite tendency towards economic nationalism in the world generally. In so far as its object has been to create a feeling of national sentiment against dependence on foreign countries, it is noticeable that it has merely resulted in an extension of branches which can be just as objectionable. This is a form of penetration which America has pursued extensively. These nationality campaigns are the commonest form of opposition, and are usually the preliminary steps towards stronger action. They are engineered chiefly by endeavouring to concentrate the national consciousness upon

domestic industry. Such a form of opposition is usually spasmodic, and gradually subsides, but it can be particularly unpleasant for the foreign element while it lasts, and is dangerous on account of the fact that it is liable to break out at any time. Sometimes this method is effective, as in Germany, but generally it is not. A typical instance of failure occurred in China in 1908, when a strong feeling of prejudice was aroused against granting foreigners certain mining and railway concessions. An attempt was made to repurchase the concessions, the money to be raised in part by public subscription. The hostility rapidly subsided when the Chinese discovered a remarkable temerity on the part of the indigenous capitalists to make the necessary investments. This has been the case in many countries. Beyond arousing public interest in the matter, these campaigns are not an effective measure of protection.

NATURALIZATION

This method really depends on the patriotism of the proprietor or proprietors, and is a method occasionally effective but for practical purposes generally, useless. The potential allegiance is not in the capital itself, but is vested in the place of residence of the owners. This is the economically decisive factor. Consequently, this method involves either of two things : (i) the owner, who is a foreigner, to sell his interests to a national, or (ii) the owner, who is a foreigner, to transfer his residence to the country in which the property is situated. Either of these courses involves a naturalisation of capital. In its national economic effects it brings about a change in the direction taken by the income of the invested funds, which now remains in the home country instead of going abroad. In the case of joint-stock companies where the residence of a large number of owners is liable to a wide diversification, this remedy is obviously impossible. In such cases the most radical protective measure would be the direct nationalisation of the industry.

DIRECT LEGISLATION

This method is the most effective that can be applied, but it should be used rather as an ultimate resort than as an immediate expedient, for it could easily have results contrary to those anticipated. It is, however, a form of defence which has been applied practically everywhere. There has been a generous amount of legislation of this kind in Scandinavia, but much of it had to be repealed when it did not work out as expected. The Control of Manufactures Act, passed in 1932, here, is typical of such legislation. The amended Act of 1934 makes provision for all companies having at least two-thirds domestic capital, and limits the entrance of companies into the country except under certain conditions. It also provides for a certain proportion of the directorate being nationals, and also contains restrictions regarding voting rights. As will be shown later, having two-third per cent. of the capital does not necessarily mean control. In 1929 the Bank of Ireland Act was passed, which obliges a majority of the directors to reside in Saorstát Éireann.

INDIRECT LEGISLATION

This title may appear to be somewhat anomalous, but it is intended to mean measures which, while not directly legal, do in effect almost have legal force. It is a means that may be effective if judiciously used. While it is not so severe as actual legislation it can be a definite protective measure, and examples of it are plentiful. The French Budget Commission of 1919 noted that "Brazilian public works enterprises which were given listing on the French market during the year, gave a formal undertaking that an important place would be given to the French element on the Board of Directors ;" while in 1910, it reports: "As regards the company whose capital is partly French, the Department has exerted itself, and has to a certain extent succeeded, to procure a greater French representation on the Board of Directors." The same Report records specific success with the Brazilian Railway Co., and various Mexican

Companies. It is a measure that requires considerable official diplomacy to have favourable results.

INTERNAL CONTROL

This is a method which has been exploited widely in Europe with much success, and is a very powerful weapon for retaining control, while at the same time using much foreign capital for development. Its success consists in the issuing of plural or fractional voting shares, which are reserved to certain persons, and thereby control is preserved. As this method is one which the company itself adopts it has been given the awkward title above. In recent years, there have been many cases of attempts to restrict the rights of foreign shareholders and prevent the control of enterprises passing to foreigners. As an example of how effective this method can be, the following case is interesting. It happened in Germany where the issue of plural voting shares is common. One German organisation issued certain preference shares carrying one hundred times the voting power of ordinary shares. These shares were reserved to the management and persons closely affiliated with it. By resorting to a plan of this nature the management was able to prevent control of the organisation from passing, not only to foreign shareholders, but also to any other group in Germany. In another company, the preference shares had twelve times the voting power of ordinary shares, so that control was retained by a comparatively small holding of these shares.

In Norway, joint-stock company law allows companies to issue two classes of shares. Class A are sold only to nationals and Class B to foreigners, while Class B have no voting power. Owners of the "B" shares participate equally in the earnings but have no voice in the management. Another interesting method was adopted in Austria where in order to exercise voting rights it was necessary for shareholders to deposit their stock with a bank in Austria, usually about a fortnight after the publication of the notice convening the meeting. This prevented foreigners living at a long distance from Austria from

voting. The methods adopted in France are somewhat similar to those of Germany, while in Spain there are limitations as to the maximum amount of shares that foreigners can control in a company. In Sweden the law definitely regulates the voting control of shareholders, so that not more than one-fifth of the entire stock can be held by foreigners. These methods can also have the effect that foreigners will not invest in companies which exclude them from voting rights.

In England also this question received attention and has resulted in several important companies excluding foreigners from voting rights. Some years ago the General Electric Company, by amending its Articles of Association, deprived all foreign shareholders of their voting rights, while other companies have passed bye-laws restricting foreign holdings to a 25 per cent. limit. The *Economist* gives an interesting summary as follows:—

Imperial Airways	..	No shares to be held by foreigners.
Marconi International Marine.	..	Foreign holdings limited to 25 per cent.
Cable and Wireless	..	Do.
General Electric Co.	..	Foreign shareholders disfranchised.
Burma Corporation	..	Do.
Rubber Plantations Investment Trust.		Voting rights limited to British shareholders.

These are all drastic measures and indicate a very decided opinion on the matter. The fact that many of the measures cited emanated from the companies themselves indicates how effectively they are able to safeguard themselves in the absence of legislation. In Ireland, a combination of most of these methods has been tried. Appealing to national sentiment has had the effect of keeping the public interest focussed on the question for a number of years now. Then the Control of Manufactures Act was passed dealing with the percentage of capital that might be held by foreigners, and limiting the voting rights and the proportion of foreign directors. This act ensures that not only

will the profits of the companies remain in the country, but that the control will also stay here. This Act was supplemented by the establishment of an Issuing and Underwriting House, and in the industrial development of the country, this marked one of the most progressive moves made, for it was the one thing that was most urgently needed to give an impetus to an honest attempt at industrialisation. A further incentive was provided by certain Income Tax remissions to people who invested in national undertakings and also by a generous tariff system. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the state has not only given full encouragement to the industrial revival, but also has endeavoured to ensure that this industrialisation was being pursued in a manner most calculated to benefit the country. The fact that there are still periodical outbursts from interested bodies merely shows that there are still a number of holes in the fabric of control that has been so steadily constructed. It is proposed now to deal with a few points that seem to indicate that there is room for improvement in the Control of Manufactures Act.

This Act came into force on the 1st June, 1932, and all its provisions with regard to the issue of capital, licences, etc., date from then. As the Act stands at present (after being amended in 1934) there is nothing to prevent a large foreign concern from buying a small Irish company which was in existence prior to 1st June, 1932, and continuing to manufacture the product while retaining the name of the old Irish company. It is, in fact, foreign owned and controlled while operating here. This has, in fact, happened, and if practised on a large scale would utterly defeat the purpose of the Act. It might be thought that the owner's patriotism would prevent his selling to a foreigner, but where a good profit is to be made by selling, patriotism becomes a singularly nebulous thing.

Again, the purpose of the Act is being defeated in the matter of trade marks. Suppose a company started to manufacture a certain product and it conformed to the Act in relation to capital, directorate, etc. The product happens to be one with

an international reputation. The Irish firm, of course, uses the trade mark of the parent firm, but for the use of the trade mark, which naturally has a considerable selling value, a certain commission is charged by the parent company, the commission usually being a percentage of the sales. It is obvious, therefore, that the capital value of the trade mark would be considerable, and if this capital value were included when computing the proportions of foreign and domestic capital on the formation of the company, the company could not comply with the Act. This may appear to be purely a hypothetical case, but it has, in fact, happened.

Then there is the case of an Irish company being formed in accordance with the Act, but with insufficient capital for trading purposes. The parent company abroad provides loans, overdrafts, extended credit facilities, and assists the Irish company in numerous ways financially. For all these facilities the parent company is remunerated. The Irish company need never pay a dividend to its two-third proportion of Irish shareholders, provided it pays its financial commitments to the parent company abroad. In fact, it could be so manipulated that all the profits would go abroad in payments of one kind or another. For practical purposes it is a foreign controlled company with the dividends leaving the country, in spite of the Act. This is not fiction. It has happened.

Then there is the case of a factory being established here to produce a certain well-known article. The Act is complied with. But it so happens that the parent company, which is resident abroad, does all the advertising that is necessary. It has already established its name and reputation, and all that is necessary is to keep the name of the product before the public, and this is done by systematic advertising in all sorts of periodicals, most of which have a big market here. With the original firm doing all the advertising, there is obviously no necessity for the Irish "branch factory" to do any. But for this privilege the Irish firm pays a generous tribute to its parent, a tribute in the nature of a percentage on the gross sales, and, of course, a

payment of this nature is much surer and steadier than possible profits, or dividends would be. In fact, under this system the firm need never pay a dividend. Yet the Act is complied with, though the profits leave the country. It is all very simple.

These are not the only ways in which the Act is being defeated. There are other ways, of which the question of the parent company abroad supplying raw materials to its Irish offspring at much more favourable terms than to another firm in the same trade, is only one. But they are the most important, and for the purpose of this article they indicate that while the Act may have been sufficient when passed in 1934, it is not comprehensive enough for the entrepreneur of 1937. When the Act was being passed in the Dail in 1934, the Minister for Industry and Commerce stated that "Irishmen should control industry in all its phases as far as possible," and certainly a meritorious attempt has been made to see that such was the case. But the ingenuity of the foreigner has increased in the intervening years, and it is expected that the ingenuity of the Minister and his Department should be equal to the problem. For example, under Sections 14 and 15 of the 1934 Act the Minister is given wide powers for investigation into such industries as have been established since the Act was passed. But the Act is being defeated in the ways already mentioned, and while it may be possible that the Minister has availed of his powers to investigate, it is certain that there has not been a prosecution in a single case yet.

The Act needs revision, and if it is to mean anything it must be brought up-to-date. Even in an up-to-date form it would still give more generous concessions to foreigners than most countries are prepared to give. When the Act was first introduced it was realised that financial independence in this sphere was vital to the industrial future. It is time now to see that this future is not prejudiced by lack of action at this vital stage of the country's industrial progress.

J. V. BOURKE

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

By LENNOX ROBINSON

MORE than twenty years ago that discerning, half-Irish critic, Frank Harris, wrote thus of Maurice Maeterlinck: "Since the death of Tolstoi he is, perhaps, the most interesting literary figure in modern Europe and certainly the most popular. Yet one is tempted to doubt whether he will excite as much interest twenty years hence." Truer words were seldom written, a truer prophecy seldom made, for there must be many to whom Maeterlinck is little more than a name, many, perhaps, in whom the name wakens no echo whatever. Yet his fairy-play, *The Blue Bird*, at one time was a serious rival to *Peter Pan*; two of the greatest actresses of their time—Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, appearing together in *Pelleas and Melisande*, made a memorable event in theatrical history, and the great French composer, Claude Debussy, turned that play into the most perfect opera of modern times. In a very different vein, M. Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* delighted thousands, and thirty years ago we all gave each other copies of his essays: *Wisdom and Destiny* and *The Treasure of the Humble*.

Were they all wrong, those critics at the beginning of the century, who discovered in his early plays a note in drama never before sounded? Thirty years ago were I and my contemporaries—young men, young writers—mistaken in finding him as exciting, as revolutionary—though in such a different way—as Ibsen or Bernard Shaw? Or were the parodists right in their mockery—and M. Maeterlinck's mannerisms made him an easy target for their gibes? I am sure they were not right. Reading his work over again I get from it the thrill I got so many years ago, the same *frisson*, the shiver down the spine, the shudder at finding oneself in the presence of something not quite of the hard, obvious, every-day world.

His best work has a twilight quality. It belongs to that hour of the day when sunlight has faded and the stars are not yet shining brightly. In such a light we speak in hushed voices, we but half express our thoughts, above our commonplace words some small, yet profound note sounds. The overtones of our thoughts are heard more clearly, our vibrations are less muted. As M. Maeterlinck himself expresses it:

“The human soul is very silent. The human soul likes to slip away into solitude. It suffers so timidly. She was a little gentle being, so quiet, so timid and so silent. It was a poor mysterious being, like all the world.”

I take these sentences almost at random from his most perfect, his most characteristic play, *Pelleas and Melisande*. A play, which in spite of the fact that it is written, as it were, in a whisper, is, in effect, one of the most dramatic works in the literature of the theatre. It is terrible in its poignancy, terrible in its inevitable tragedy and four short sentences in it can twist the knife in your heart more effectively than a long scene that tears tragedy to tatters.

Where did he come from, this strange writer? From what wild, mysterious country? From what curious family? He came from what is, perhaps, the least obviously romantic country in Europe—Flanders, and he was the child of prosperous parents living in the winter in the busy city of Ghent, exchanging it every summer for a pleasant house in the country. In profession his family leaned towards the law, and M. Maeterlinck himself, having graduated at the University of Ghent, was called to the bar, but never practised. We can look at photographs of him at that period, thick-set, sturdy, knickerbockered, clutching his bicycle—for he has always been an ardent cyclist.

Before he was twenty-five he had published his first book—a volume of poems—*Serres Chaudes*—“hot-houses.” In them he expressed definitely, unmistakably, his originality, his peculiar genius. It was as if a pianist were to start a recital of his own compositions by playing three strange chords on which his

whole, his life's recital was to be based. They were easy poems to mock at, to misunderstand, to label "precious" or "unhealthy." It is not strange that in his own provincial town he found it impossible to get a publisher and, therefore, he printed the book with his own hands. It is not strange that a year or two later—the date is 1896—he was to find his spiritual home in Paris.

Not strange, yet, examining deeper it is a little strange. For his art is very Flemish. It has its affinity with that flat land, those avenues of pollarded trees, those miles and miles of still water where the canals mirror the immense sky. In this landscape of wide horizons and placid clouds the only point of excitement is the spire of some ancient noble church far away in the distance. The men and women working in the fields—or below the fields—miners and farmers—scratching the earth for a living, sink into insignificance compared with the immensity with which they are surrounded. The poet would find it easy to meditate on the fragility of this life, the mystery of the life to come. Death and life, life and death; the subjects so near to every farmer, so near to the mystic—is it surprising to find these to be the key-note of M. Maeterlinck's work? Have not the old Flemish painters the same quality?

At any rate, in Paris, he felt himself at once at home. It was the age of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and the symbolist group of French poetry. In England it was the age of Arthur Symonds, of Lionel Johnson, and the group of young poets who made up the Rhymer's Club. Mr. Yeats was writing his early, decorated poems, it was the period of *The Land of Heart's Desire* and *The Countess Cathleen*, of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings, of the French Impressionist painters, of William Morris, of John Lane's *Yellow Book*. In short, it was "The Nineties" and no writing was more characteristic of that period of literature than was this great Belgian's.

It was easy to stick cheap, scoffing labels on the writing of that time. To dub it "fin-de-siècle," "greenery-yallery,

Grosvenor-gallery," to write it down precious, morbid, degenerate. But where are they now, those scoffers, those stupid critics, those Clement Scotts, those Max Nordaus? Gone, and the work they attacked remains, and will remain when the more full-blooded school which followed is largely forgotten.

And it is easy to accuse M. Maeterlinck of morbidness when so many of his plays are concerned with death. He is concerned with it because he is terrified of its mystery, and like a brave man, confronted with an enemy, he faces it squarely. He wrote a series of brief, profound essays on the subject; it is said they were a refutation of his earlier, more fatalistic attitude; they seem to me to be the logical, mystical conclusion of his early, objective thought.

Sometimes when alone
At the dark close of day,
Men meet an outlawed majesty
And hurry away.

They come to the lighted house;
They talk of their dear;
They crucify the mystery
With words of good cheer.

When love and life are over,
And flight's at an end,
On the outcast majesty
They lean as a friend.

These lines on death, written by our Irish poet, Æ, seem to me to express perfectly Maurice Maeterlinck's attitude.

His early poems and plays secured him recognition and admiration from those interested in symbolism and the finer shades of writing. His prose trembles on the edge of poetry, and yet it is not over-decorated, the colours are dim and faded, as in an old tapestry. He is the master of under-statement. With his play, *The Blue Bird*—the date is 1910—he captured an immense audience, he became popular and wealthy, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The phantasy of *The Blue Bird* is delightful, its parable easy to understand—man's unavailing search for happiness, the annihilation of the

pessimistic view of death. There is nothing complicated in the character-drawing—there must not be in a fairy-story—and the play moves rapidly from one delightful incident to another, it is full of the wholesome humour that belongs to a nursery tale. My only quarrel with it is that, as a lover of cats, I protest against the Cat being made the villain of the piece. This is a monstrous perversion of the truth. The play taxes the resources of any stage, and I have never seen an entirely satisfying performance. But, reading it again, I feel what a magnificent film it would make, with Walt Disney as its director.

The war proved M. Maeterlinck a patriot and a realistic dramatist and he wrote *The Burgomaster of Stillemonde*. Sir John Martin Harvey played it with immense success in England. Perhaps it is too much a piece of contemporary, passionately-felt, history to be entirely satisfactory, judged as a work of art, but a Belgian friend has told me how immensely moving it was to him in performance. But the characteristic man is heard in his early work. I was glad that on the 75th anniversary of Maeterlinck's birth, Radio Athlone chose *The Intruder*, written in 1890, to celebrate the occasion. The play was presented by a group of Dublin players. The music heard that night was by that great musical interpreter of Maeterlinck, Claude Debussy. I had the honour of introducing the play that night, when Ireland joined in the international homage paid by Georges Duhamel of the Académie Française, the poet laureate of England Mr. John Masefield, by Thomas Mann on behalf of Germany, by Marinetti of Italy.

Few authors have inspired more music than M. Maeterlinck. That birthday was celebrated all over Europe with symphonic settings and songs by Paul Dukas, by Ernest Chausson, by Henri Fevrier, by Claude Debussy. Seldom can a living author have had such homage paid to him, and one can think of few living authors worthy of such a tribute. The players that night and myself were very conscious of the honour that had fallen our way: we tried to be worthy of it.

LENNOX ROBINSON

AWAY

You can see through and through
the Mendicity Institution
only in one blank corner
two blinds are down this morning ;
further on by Liffey's margin
barrels to the Guinness's barges
barrels, barrels are rolled down ;
wind drifts and clouds follow
I shift from the town
from this hollow
Mendicity Institution
from Liffey with its blanched non-pareils
the swans and from the export barrels'
sequence of revolution
I depart in confusion.

BLANAID SALKELD

NIGHTINGALE IN THE ORCHARD

The apple-blossoms shake where all night long
Unto the calm, high moon his prayer ascends
In slender jets of passion-frozen song.

The stars are pensive as men grown in care
While an exquisite voice streams up and sends
Sad-fluted music through the lonely air.

Until the trembling hours are faint with pain,
Against the farthest wall of Heaven breaks
The lover's heart with agonised strain.

All else is hushed. There is no other sound
What time he sings upon that branch which shakes
Its silken petals on the lichened ground.

JAMES A. ENRIGHT

TONE AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN

By EDWARD SHEEHY

IN judging Tone or in judging any of the men who led the Nationalist movement that culminated in the Rebellions of 1798 and 1803, we must take care that we do not read history backwards. To see clearly the significance for present-day Ireland, it is necessary also to see the presence in the Ireland of that time of two distinct elements whose identification of interests gave the movement its significance: the Catholic Irish peasantry and the Anglo-Irish patriots. I use the word Anglo-Irish to mean that these men were Anglo-Irish in culture, up-bringing, that they had been educated and trained for the administration of an English colony. I use the word patriot, because the men, Tone, the Emmets, Russell, Hamilton Rowan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had come to regard Ireland as a *patria*.

Many influences, obvious and obscure, brought this Anglo-Irish Patriotic Party into being. Their predecessors, the Volunteers, achieved a lame and nominal independence, in the interests of an oligarchy, with the Parliament of 1782. The Convention of 1783 proved conclusively that the Volunteers, in whose leadership class and interest predominated, would do nothing that would endanger the safety of class and interest.

From the failure of the Convention the Volunteer movement petered out into occasional dress parades. Grattan, colonial-politician, was one with Burke in his attitude towards democracy. "Their liberty is death and their State is bedlam; where the sceptre of power is turned into ten thousand scorpions in the hands of ten thousand maniacs, scourging one another for offences that are exceeded only by the barbarity with which they are punished." But these young men were democrats, a name which connoted to the then conservative politician, priest

or property owner much what "Communist" connotes to the same people in our day and evoked much the same condemnation. They came under the full sway of the revolutionary fervour, espoused the Rights of Man, were turned against royalty and established religion by the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau and the pamphlets of Paine and Volney's *Ruins of Empire*. Hence, the outspoken anti-clericalism of pamphlets issued in Belfast and Dublin by the United Irish Organisation, of the organs *The Press*, and *The Northern Star*, of certain passages in Tone's Diary. But how else could they learn when the churches all over Europe were allied with the tyrannies?

On the other hand, Tone's "men of no property," were the aboriginal Irish who stood in relation to the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy much as the American Indian did to the Colonial English in America. The Irish peasantry were Catholic in religion and had neither social nor political rights. With Irish democracy they would have ruled the country, which, apart altogether from the new ideology, they considered their right as inheritors of the Irish Nation. For a century now they had hoped for a leader of their own blood—but the hope was fruitless. Neither the Wild Geese nor their sons came back from the courts of Spain and Austria to give any hope to a miserable and broken people. The Irish people, leaderless for nearly a century, were ripe for democracy. The Anglo-Irish patriots had a cause, albeit they called it Irish. They saw the Colony ruled by a corrupt oligarchy, trade restricted in the interests of England, the civil lists burdened with pensions for the cast-off and ennobled mistresses of the English king. They saw a state of society where success came easiest to the ministerial tool and sycophant, a state of society based on the oppression of the majority, as one of them, I think Tone himself, said: "happiness heaped up in mounds and misery spread among the millions." They saw the native Irish oppressed by the same combination of force. As James Hope said: "By force the poor were subdued and dispossessed of their interests in the soil; by fiction the titles of the

spoilers were established and by fraud on the productive industry of future generations the usurpation was continued." Incidentally, this James Hope carried revolutionary thinking farther, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. The United Irishmen generally were no prophets in the cause of labour. Hope introduces a radical social thinking which does not reappear in Irish politics until Fintan Lalor began writing in 1847.

The final democratic republicanism of the United Irishmen was not merely French-inspired. It was based on their practical experience of colonial politics. Tone, as a realist in politics, which, I maintain, he always was, saw that nothing was to be hoped from the landed classes, whose privilege it was to exterminate the native after the ethic of British colonial policy since Elizabeth. He repeats this distrust throughout the *Diary*, particularly in his interviews with Hoche in July, 1796.

James Hope gives best the disillusionment of the United Irishmen with aristocracy, property and politicians generally. His findings have lost none of their value after a century that marked the growth of the Irish bourgeoisie. "The conduct of public men, of popular men in those times, convinced me, that so long as men of rank and fortune lead a people, they will modify abuses, reform to a certain extent, but they never will remove any real grievances that press down the people." Hope goes always to the root of the evil—though he calls himself a poor weaver and uneducated: "Huxters became merchants, merchants became bankers and bankers became provincial bashaws; and then, as now (1834), when the fitness of Ireland for independence was discussed, the above classes were always with the Government" I doubt if any of the United Irish leaders went as far as this. Robert Emmet, I know, raised hands in pious horror at Hope's socialism. But though not quite as advanced as Hope, the United Irish leaders did envisage a constitution based on the people. They utilised in the revolutionary organisation the network of secret societies that

were armed for that sporadic agrarian warfare that the people organised against the landlords.

No complete judgment of the United Irishmen is possible until their efforts are studied in relation to the forces of disaffection in the Ireland of that time. It is ridiculous to blame Tone that he was not always a Republican. His republicanism was the final and logical outcome of reformist colonial politics, which do not preclude expressions of loyalty to the recognised sovereign of the colony. In 1792 Tone could write: "Mr. Hutton is of the opinion that the Government of Ireland must either alter their whole system, or be subverted by force, of which God knows the opinion." Nor does this beginning preclude the expressions of loyalty in the service of the Catholic Committee. I should say that even if Tone were unwilling, which I am not claiming, the policy of the Committee, which was a respectable and respectful body, would have compelled those expressions. Nor do these first germs of republicanism preclude activities in the field of constitutional agitation. It is even probable that if reform were possible, Tone and the United Irishmen would have been content with colonial status. When he says: "I am sure no man in Ireland will ever think of the question of separation unless gross corruption in the legislature of his country and continued sacrifice of her interests to England shall compel him," the answer is in his final decision that separation is the only solution; that reform is not possible without separation from England.

The recent controversy that has raged about Theobald Wolfe Tone could never have come about but for that necessity, of turning history into myth, which dogged 19th century Ireland. That century, particularly the period around '48, saw a desperate effort to create a national spirit. The nationalist historian caught at the name of every man who had raised hand or voice against England and turned him into a national hero. These, to be acceptable to an Irish bourgeoisie, sacrificed all humanity and individuality, became impeccable as the heroes of a novel

by Lady Morgan. In the national pantheon stood men whose objects, beliefs—religious and political—were poles apart: Swift, Molyneux, Grattan, Flood, Tone, Emmet, the Sheares—men who worked and fought for opposite causes in their lives were reconciled in death.

The attacks on Tone, and even some of the rehabilitations, ignore the fact that Irish Republicanism was a new concept, that its evolution was necessarily slow, was the result of a variety of forces and circumstances. They accept the picture of Tone given by the hero of 19th century nationalist propaganda and attack that. Tone never pretended that he sprang clean from the cradle to republicanism. He never pretended constancy of motive, in fact, the opposite. He never pretended to piety, nor to highmindedness. His bias against religion is plain to read in the *Diary* and its cause is easy to find in the history of the times. It is undeniable that the ideological movement was antagonistic to religion. The spectacle of international democracy, lit with the conflagration of the Terror, roused the bishops to a continuous invective against the United Irish movement. But it is also undeniable that the bishops, who themselves were of the people, preached submission in the face of the most un-Christian tyranny. The Irish bishops placed themselves on the side of the Government, on the side of class, privilege, vested interests, and reminded their own people, the wronged and the dispossessed, the helots and pariahs, for whom each day called forth new horrors of coercion—of “the benignity of Government—the liberality and wisdom of parliament”—their “allegiance to the best of kings.” And lest by mischance some democratic priest should be elevated to a see and disturb the pro-Ascendancy, pro-English unanimity of the Irish Catholic hierarchy, this resolution was adopted at a meeting of the Irish Bishops in January, 1799:

“That in the appointment of the Prelates of the Roman Catholic Religion to vacant sees within the kingdom, such interference of Government as may enable it to be satisfied of

the loyalty of the person to be appointed is just and ought to be agreed to.”*

Tone's *Autobiography* is essentially a human document in which he hides nothing of himself—in which he is a man before either constitutional politician or revolutionary adventurer. As a man he is brave, gallant, courageous, the more so for the weaknesses, the weariness, the falterings confessed there. He is strong in his loves, of Ireland and his family, though at a time when he lacked faith he might have deserted both. Why should his faults be hidden, when his final triumph is in the successful overcoming of them?

I think it is time now to look history in the face, to cease treating it as a source of propaganda. It is time to question thoroughly the national saints whom 19th century, or even later, nationalist propaganda, has canonised. They can be of more value to us as men, seen as men, than as impersonal myths. If history is to have value at all we must school ourselves now to treat it as science. We should have outgrown the necessity for national jerrybuilding, for moulding heroes to an accepted pattern, for handling gingerly the question of religion in relation to the history of Irish national and social struggles—'48, '67 and '16—which will arise while there still remains any shred of national or social justice to fight for. The need is urgent for a history of the last two centuries which will give an unbiased study of the question, which will decide in how far the anti-clericalism of succeeding generations of revolutionaries was rooted in antipathy to the ideals of national and social justice inherent in Christian Morality, or in how far it was due to the opportunist politics of Irish Churchmen in allying themselves with power that sought to make injustice permanent.

EDWARD SHEEHY

* *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, ed. Most Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, D.D., Archbishop of Sidney. Third Series. Dublin, 1884.

IS FASCISM OUR FATE?

By GARRETT O'DRISCOLL

FOR some years our politicians and public persons have been asseverating that, of the two conflicting Isms which are tearing Spain—and now China—to pieces between them, we are free. Praise be, we said to ourselves and went on with the weeding. Yet the observer, of late, has been made to stir uneasily—and unwillingly—inside at least one wormy citizen who finds herself being gently bombarded with suggestion and half-truths from unexpected quarters, so oriented as to favour distinctly one of those very Isms of which we are supposed to be refreshingly free.

What is the other half of a half-truth? The other half of a half-truth is an omission. When a famous Irish Catholic writer began a pro-Franco brochure with the death of Sotelo and ignored the death of Castillo, that was a half-truth. The death of Sotelo helped the Franco propaganda; the death of Castillo hindered it.

Our more and less authoritarian groups still show this tendency in their organs or utterances, with what can only be a deliberate attempt to confuse and mislead. The Catholic who does not favour Fascism is subtly given to understand that she or he must, *therefore*, favour Communism, and many Irish Catholics are going around with a skilfully-injected feeling of unease, which is altogether unnecessary and even a bit ridiculous.

I am not querulously complaining that these groups favour Fascism, for I believe in the right of individuals to favour what they please within reason and religion. If I did not, I should be a Fascist or Communist and I am not.

I am not querulously complaining that these groups use their respective influence, organs or machines in order to put across the point of view which appeals to them, for to tell the truth, it seems to me a natural sort of thing to do. Whatever the ethics of the question, I am not a competent person to expatiate on it, for had I influence, organ or machine, it seems very likely that I would use it to put across the viewpoint in which I believe. Moreover, to do otherwise in a time of crisis, such as the present time, would be rather more than human, and even ecclesiastics are only flesh and blood.

I am not complaining, then. I am asking a question. *Why*

are these groups pro-Fascist, when there is no need in this country to support one *Ism* more than the other? For what reason is the cause of the Fascist untruthfully and stubbornly put forward by innuendo as the cause of the Catholic, when those who are behind the innuendoes *must* know—unless they have hidden their heads in sand—that it is nothing of the sort?

This writer is a fairly average citizen, a veteran supporter of Irish democracy against the British autocracy; was Republican in the bad days and Republican in the worse days; voted Fianna Fail with the other veterans since 1926, and very glad to, what with this and that; though normally disinclined to excessive ritual, Catholic born and reared and unlikely to change. But I am not Fascist any more than I am Bolshevik, and I wish the innuendo-mongers would leave us alone.

Some months ago I sent a letter to an Irish newspaper pointing out that of the three Fascist countries, two were Japan, which is hardly fighting for Christ, and Germany, which has now labelled our Church Public Enemy Number Two. This letter was not published. Why? What curious interests in this little country of ours are served by the suppression of a reminder that Japan is not a Christian country and that Germany is going anti-Christian as fast as it can? By what new and wonderful logic is it argued that one who fights an anti-Christian *must* be a Christian even if he declares that he is not?

Communism is anti-Christian. I know that, for I hear it in sermons, I read it in newspapers, and it tells me so itself, just as Japan and Germany do. Fascism is increasingly anti-Christian, but I don't hear it in sermons, nor do I get that dinned into me by the newspapers. If it didn't tell me frankly, without these aids to publicity, I would not know, just as many people do not.

When Communism is anti-mahommedan I don't worry, for I am not a Mahommedan, but when it is anti-Christian and anti-Catholic I feel sore, for I am a Catholic and a Christian, at least by baptism and aspiration. I am glad when my fellow-Christians growl about it (though some aspects of communism seem good to me) and I growl with them, for of all the appalling things, surely the worst is to have one's mind's right-of-way interfered with, and to be told what one shall and shall not believe. When Fascism is anti-Mahommedan (if any) I don't worry, for I am not really unbiassed, I am human and I have my slants. But when it is anti-Christian and anti-Catholic, I feel mad and I growl—but, to my utter astonishment, I growl more or less on my own.

Why? What strange interests in our little country are served by the with-holding of the fact that Fascism is increasingly anti-Christian in its philosophy and methods—and anti-Catholic? And which among its activities are so much to the liking of these interests that they balance—nay, cancel—their anti-religious activities? Suppression of Trade Unions? But the Church is no enemy of Trade Unionism. Glorification of war and conquest? But the Church has no need of war in her conquests, her wimpled and cowled conquistadores are no spillers of blood. "Class" stabilisation? No. Whatever the individual preferences and desires of persons starred with her insignia, the true interests of Church depend no more on Class than they do upon Nationalism. Church is independent of all such segregations, for she is Universal, as she is One.

In what incomprehensible fashion does Hitler, jailer of nuns and priests, so manage to please their colleagues in other countries, that not a word of condemnation or reproof is heard from the pulpits when they are run in like criminals caught in a theft? The Irish Hierarchy extends its considerable moral support to Fascist Spain (by innuendo putting forward that Catholic and Fascist Spain are one and the same), while the Bishop of Berlin's Pastoral of 10th of October, protesting against the banishment of priests from German schools appears to have gone unnoticed. Does the Bishop of Berlin, in the moment when he finds himself in disagreement with German Fascism, automatically become a Bolshevik? German Fascism says "Yes." His colleagues elsewhere are silent. When Germany and Japan sign an Anti-Comintern Pact it is splashed in heavy ink for our edification in our newspapers, but when Our Holy Father declares the condition of affairs in Germany to be "deplorable," it is relegated to a small paragraph at the back of the newspapers. Why? Does the Pope not grade as front-page copy *always*, then? It's very puzzling. What of the persistent rumours of Franco's personal atheism? What of Mussolini's rough-handling of the Holy Father? Yes, it's very puzzling.

I reiterate, if you prefer the social and economic outlook of Fascism to any other, you are entitled to your opinion. What you are not entitled to do is to pretend that you prefer it on account of your religion—and mine—for that is a lie, fellow-Catholic. Hitler may glorify the "lie of genius," but our Church does not. Hitler may have need of the "lie of genius," but our Church, fellow-Catholic, has not.

Now what exactly does this over-worked word "Bolshevism"

mean in the mouths of the Fascist Dictators? How many of us are aware that when our Catechism teaches us *My neighbour is all mankind of every description, without any exception of persons . . .* it is teaching "Bolshevism" as the Fascist understands it? When the Catechism teaches us *most certainly we are obliged to love our enemies . . .* it is teaching "Bolshevism" as the Fascist Dictator understands it. Quoted from "The Theory and Structure of German Fascism," by Robert A. Brady:—

"According to Darré, the triumph of Roman culture meant the ascendancy of Roman Law, paved the way for the rise of Christianity, Capitalism and Bolshevism and renders the efforts of the Nazi Government to recapture Germany for the Germans an heroic struggle of Germany against "Oriental" forces on behalf of those elements of Western civilisation which are supremely worth saving By "Oriental" influences are meant those which foisted on the European peoples the "incredibly stupid" doctrine of 'equality of all men before God' And Bolshevism, the Nazis discover, is the logical descendant of Christianity, liberalism and Capitalism"

The fact that the writer of that book is probably a non-Catholic does not alter one whit the pungent fact that Darré is Reich Minister for Agriculture and an official exponent of German Fascism. The Bishop of Berlin puts it this way:—

"From the speeches and writings of those who are responsible for the cultural life of the nation, it may be seen what they think of Holy Writ and how they revile the Catholic life The campaign against the Church is proceeding steadily but surely towards its goal"—(*Irish Press*, 11/10/37).

So much for Germany. But before we leave it, there is one extenuating circumstance we must note in fairness—one thing we must remember lest we hate. We are not without blame, for a Europe calling itself Christian stood by and left Germany to her post-war agonies. Where will it end?

As to Italian Fascism—how many of us know that in 1931 the Holy Father was "compelled to endure the indignity of sending his Encyclical *Non Abiamo Bisogno* out of Italy and publishing it in Paris. Even yet when a *modus vivendi* has been reached by the Pope and the *Duce*, the Pope's strictures upon Fascist method remain as valid as ever, and I doubt if the Encyclical could be sold or given away in Rome to-day." (Editorial in *The Catholic World*, March, 1937.)

The Catholic *Duce*, then, censors the Pope, orders the Holy Father to toe the line and compels him, when he will not, to smuggling and subterfuge. Why are we not up in arms? Did we even hear of this? Are Irish Catholics aware that His Holiness has pronounced Fascism "not a Catholic concept" of

Government? Are there strange, sinister and unnamed interests in our Catholic country which find it expedient to side with Mussolini, even against the Pope?

The terms Fascist and Catholic are *not* synonymous, any more than the terms Capitalist and Catholic are synonymous. That fact remains a fact no matter whose interest may lie in its suppression.

Quoted from an article, "The Catholic Answer to Communism," by Paul Kiniery, Ph.D., an American Catholic, in the *Catholic World*:—

"It is noteworthy, however, that many Catholics are unwilling to grant that the Russian system has produced material benefits. We should be practically willing to grant that unless we are so stupid as to maintain that Catholicism depends upon present-day Capitalism for its existence. One could not in any more definite way show his utter lack of faith in the Church than to make her welfare dependent upon a vicious system which is not even faintly Christian to say nothing of being robustly Catholic"

To get back to the half-truths. Some few evenings ago the news bulletin from B.B.C. contained an item which ran something like this: "From Government sources we learn that the casualties in the air-raid on So-and-So were 120 killed, including fifty children." Three-quarters of an hour later the same item from our own station ran: ". . . the casualties were 120 killed" No mention of the fifty children. I have heard other people discuss this Fascist orientation of our news. What is behind it? Are we being prepared for something which impends? Why that odd and significant little omission? Have we armaments "Kings" or "Queens" of whom we don't know? Or "Kings" or "Queens" of finance, whose interests are bound up with armaments elsewhere, and, therefore, with modern war, and, therefore, with the suppression of the more ugly, or poignant, or telling details in connection with modern war? If this is still a democratic country, then a citizen has a right to ask.

Years ago I read Machiavelli's book, *The Prince*. I thought it a terrible book. But lately, listening to the "Peace" talk of Fascist Dictators, to the indignation—all virtuous—of Japan because the Chinese are anti-Japanese on their own soil and within their own boundaries, lately I have been wondering whether the old author ought not to have been canonised for his honesty.

So the anti-Bolshevik front goes on, always a little further, till it has insolently coupled with the Soviet Dictator's name, the sacred name of Christ. And we not only must listen—yes,

listen—to the silence of our Catholic officialdom, but we must also listen to the recorded voice of the Dictators in the middle of our news bulletins, willy-nilly, whether we would or no. We must stand by while several more and less official groups band themselves into a cheer-gang and ra-ra for Japan.

Where are we heading? Will that gentle, Christian, internationalist sentence, *My neighbour is all mankind . . .*, one day be quietly eliminated from the Catechism at the behest of some anti-Comintern overlord? Or will our Catholic authorities wake up at last and put up a fight for this “oriental”-originated phrase? Will the German Hierarchy fight to the death, now that the system which they certainly assisted, not understanding it, has turned on them and betrayed our common religion? And will their colleagues and co-religionists elsewhere continue to stand by in silence while they fight, hypnotised into immobility by the great Fascist anti-Comintern ballyhoo?

Catholic papers ought to be impartial. Catholicism, which is nationhood within the Church, has no need of other Isms. Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., one of the greatest living Catholic essayists and Editor of the *Catholic World*, castigates one-sidedness:—

“Contemporary journalism is vitiated through and through with one-sidedness. There is, as far as I know, not a single secular journal, even among the few good ones, that doesn't lean to one side or the other in reporting news from Russia, Italy, Germany, Mexico, Spain or any other spot on this globe where Communism and Fascism or Communism and Capitalism are in conflict. For this reason, apart from the primary duty of telling the truth for the truth's sake, a special obligation rests upon the Catholic Press. If, on our side we are so preoccupied with the crimes of Communism that we cannot see or will not admit the crimes of Fascism and Nazism; if because the Pope has made a Concordat with Mussolini we fail to call attention to the fact that the Fascist concept of Government is, as the Pope himself has said, ‘not a Catholic concept’ . . . if knowing that a protest against Hitler and his sporadic outbursts of madness will produce fiery letters accusing us of being in the pay of Stalin, we grow weary and take refuge in the production of an innocuous, bloodless, lifeless paper; we have . . . apostatized from the ideal of Catholic journalism.”

GARRETT O'DRISCOLL

ESCAPE

A story written around the conflict in Spain—By
C. E. MILNE

THE train stopped with a jerk and a rattling. It had stopped with a jerk and a rattling a hundred times already, so for a while nobody took much notice. There was a subdued barrage of voices from the carriages. Dimly under the dim blue lights of the war-zone platform uniformed or cloaked figures stood motionless or drifted among the station olives whose leaves seemed actually two dimensional with the half light slanting up and among their grey green foliage. Sleepy dark Spanish eyes stared out from closed windows at sleepy dark Spanish eyes staring in. The shadowy figures massing on the platform moved about with a great air of indifference and of waiting for something they didn't terribly care for that never came. But as the train went on being stopped, gradually as the minutes dripped by, the hundreds of feet crammed together in the carriages began to shuffle until it seemed as if the whole train shuffled in a slow, measured dance, and gradually the barrage of voices became less and less subdued until the roar growing louder and louder drowned the derisive thin high whistle of escaping steam from the engine. The roar was like the roar of the dragon of China awakened, it sounded meaningless, but individually some quite sensible conversation was going on, sapped not at all of energy and gesture by the sweltering humidity of the dusk. Most of the carriage windows were closed, but through such as remained unaccountably open a faint tang of eucalyptus and oranges and something acrid seeped and spread. There were eucalyptus and orange trees growing on either side of the railway; on the left looking northerly toward Barcelona orange groves lined up inland to the foothills of the Sierras, while on the right they tapered down to shingly beaches with the Mediterranean gleaming beyond, soft and deeply still.

The name of the stopping place, Villagorbo, was painted on a white signboard in bold blue lettering which hung beneath a tiny blue bulb on the tressellated woodwork of the Estacion hacienda. Close by were three other haciendas surrounded by what looked like a rubber tree and a few orange trees and

creepers, while slightly to one side, but unpleasantly close to the train was a divided hut marked Lavabos, and in smaller lettering, 'Senoras,' then the division, then 'Caballeros.' They had seen huts lettered and marked similarly at a hundred wayside Estations since leaving Albacete, and a hundred times Michael had wondered how it came about the lettering had not been changed and brought up to date. Surely Caballeros should have been painted out and a nice fresh Camaradas painted instead? But perhaps difficulty had arisen through the Senoras also having become Camaradas, and while no doubt under certain circumstances a plain blunt "Camaradas" splashed right across the huts might have to serve, Michael felt no inclination to draw attention to the matter, having already had occasion to feel grateful for the distance, however slight, afforded to the sexes by the oversight, bewilderment, carelessness, or whatever it might be on authority's part that had left the markings unaltered. At any rate, once aware of the hut's existence it became obvious at once what the acrid odour mingling with eucalyptus and orange was, though even then Michael wondered whether it was that his nose was merely reacting to what his eyes saw, and for a moment he speculated on where precisely seeing ended and smelling began. But only for a moment, the hot earth soon left no doubt, and finally his carriage companions with horse snortings and holdings of noses and laughter verified and clinched it.

One there was, however, a wounded and sick man, whom Michael was watching over until they got to Barcelona, who neither joked nor laughed. He was English, little more than a boy, and he was being sent to Barcelona for special treatment. He had suffered a head wound while fighting in the International Brigade, and looked haunted by pain. But when asked whether he suffered he would shake his head and slump down further into his seat, smoking the precious cigarettes that either Michael or one of the others in the carriage handed him, ravenously, devouring the smoke madly with closed eyes, inhaling half asleep. But every now and again his eyes would open with the sideway roll of a terrified hack bolting from something imaginary at its heels, and at such times either Michael or one of the others, the American or the Chilian, would speak to him soothingly until he took another cigarette and slumped back in his seat. It was their English soothed him, as Michael had been told it would soothe him, for whenever the two Spanish militiamen who made up their carriage complement began to talk other than in whispers he would start upright as if shot, and

it would take a lot of soothing and shushing to quiet him. The lean American was proving the best hand at the soothing and shushing.

"What's matter with your comrade?" he had asked Michael when they were leaving Albacete, and Michael replying had thought how queerly the words came out of the American's mouth, particularly the 'comrade,' despite that he had no American accent to speak of, but was just lean and shirted and had a shaved head and sunburnt body that gave off heat like a radiator, and spoke in a wellbred voice that might have come from anywhere, apart from the peculiar intonation.

"Shock and wounds, I believe" he'd replied. "I've been asked to see him safely to a specialist in Barcelona, and I don't mind telling you I'm not in love with the job. His wounds are healed, they tell me, but he was left for months only half attended, among Spaniards, going dottier every day. He doesn't speak the language, they told me——"

"Ah" said the lean American. Then, "what are you doing out here? Newspaperman?"

Michael had nodded. "Sort of. My name's Sernis, and I was born in Ireland. There are times when that means a lot to me, even if only curses. But d'you know, I was annoyed when they asked me at Albacete to look after this poor boy. I felt the people concerned were palming him off on me, because, just because they wanted to be shut of him! I told them I wasn't a doctor or a nurse; I said I'd be helpless if he threw a fit or had a heart attack, and that anyway I'd no time to be trotting round Barcelona . . . which is perfectly true; I'm supposed to be back in London to-morrow. Not that it matters, but . . . perhaps I'm nervous . . . they said he'd be quite normal with anyone he'd understand, English-speaking, but look at him! If that's normality . . .!"

The American had been amused watching how in spite of his grumbling Michael went to great lengths making the young volunteer as comfortable as he knew how, fussing around like a hen and stuffing the lad's pockets with more than half his own cigarette supply, which either he forgot to smoke for the rest of their journey, or else was determined to keep stowed away for a rainy season. At all events he continued to smoke what the American or the Chilian offered until Michael felt quite unhappy and almost doubted his own gift . . .

"He is sick, that's all," said the Chilian. "You believe me it's not so hot to be sick when you are lost and don't know what the people are saying about you! I'm telling you! Me, I was.

sick for many months when I have come to New York from Chile, then I could speak Mexican and some Spanish, but not Americano——”

“You’re Americano’s O.K. now, anyway, Manuel,” said the American, grinning, and the swarthy good-natured fat Manuel laughed and shrugged, then, seeing that the two pleasant militiamen were whiling time away by comparing their revolvers he took hold of one of the guns and began to discuss its merits and demerits with them. The American joined in and all four became involved in a discussion on the comparative effectiveness of different makes of revolvers. The wounded man seemed to sleep, a cigarette dangling from his fingers. The train continued blandly where it stood, blowing derisive steam. Many of the carriages were empty, their occupants presumably were wandering about the crowded platform, but ever the uproar increased. Michael stared at the haciendas and dark trees, trying to fix his mind on a line or curve of thought which would enable him to forget discomfort until such time as the train chose to get restarted. It seemed a good idea to drug oneself somehow on Spanish journeys, where, calling to his mind a little Donegal railway and the dead years, trains are more stopped than starting, and engine-drivers very philosophic indeed. His mind went wandering along a kaleidoscopic blur of things, of images and half formed unsifted thoughts like colours dividing up, like disconnected notes of music made tangible on the air from a half heard concert played by the elves of the undersoil. But whether his wounded charge acted as a brake and fixation for that part of him wishful to remain keenly conscious of all that was going on, at any rate he found it impossible, useless to try and forget for a moment the insoaking heat, the stifling carriage, the perspiration, the lavabos smells seeping in stronger and more permeating than eucalyptus. Moreover, it was certainly the wounded man, with his look of a soul already dead, who made it impossible to forget altogether in the heat, the packed carriages, the colourful blue night, the smells, that behind lurked the war agony they were leaving behind (at the train’s pleasure) which was precisely that which he wished and craved to forget, almost without realizing it. Even when children, chicas and chicos added to the throng, ran underneath the dark orange trees and picked up the fallen oranges to bring them laughing to the yelling carriages and throw them up, he was more conscious of the barely perceptible brightening across the wounded, sunken face than of the black-eyed urchins, the brightening of that one face meant more to

him that the pageant of dark Goya children outside, as if only when the wounded man smiled was he himself free to smile too.

"Guess he's got his packet, your convalescent," suddenly said the American, while the soldier tried to smile at the children, making signs for them to throw him up oranges. "Well, he knew what he was doing, I suppose. Anyway he seems to like the kids, the poor guy, whatever his not so private opinion of their mammas and pappas may be——"

"I don't know what he's thinking," broke out Michael, "or whether he's in pain, or anything about him. I want to get under his skin to help him, but he's so dumb, I feel helpless—."

The American nodded, vaguely. "What we want," he began, following some trend of his own, "Is a soviet of the senses. Maybe if we could realize every shade and prism colour of emotion in each other, and feel them in each other, we might find brotherliness thata way? Eh? Gosh, there some I know of back home, grand people with real intelligence, but all the same they're dead from the mouth down, they're fine and charming, but in a way as dead and distant as the moon——"

"And the moon is a leper," said Michael, smiling a limping smile. "How does that poem of your John Dos Passos begin, you know the one, "Lines to a Lady"? The American looked pleased:

"Do you remember the little princess in Hans Andersen whose brothers were enchanted into wild swans?

She sat in the graveyard among weirdwomen
and witches and twelve nights
gathered nettles under the moon.

O wild swan I have gathered nettles . . .

he quoted promptly.

"That's it," said Michael. "Great stuff. Of course we knew it in Ireland a long time before Dos Passos! But talking of feelings, it seems to me they are not to be trusted either, I distrust people's feelings——"

Just then the train hooted, blandly, with a lofty warning note, and immediately from the passengers came answering loud lofty hoots and yells of laughter. Those walking the darkened platform clambered lazily aboard, some even lingering until the train began clanking and slowly gathering speed out of the station before they ran and jumped the high steps and swung themselves up like monkeys. Adios, Villagorbo! Adios! Rattle shuffle went the wheels, To What Loyalty, To What Loyalty, To What Loyalty! Rattle shuffle faster faster I Shall

Be Late, I Shall Be Late, I Shall Be Late, faster faster, like the White Rabbit in Alice I Shall be Late . . .

Michael glanced to see whether his convalescent was alright. In the dimness of the swaying, jolting carriage the wounded man was staring straight at him with eyes that seemed bolting from his head, seeing nothing, or else a horror. They were tawny, yellow, oval eyes, like the eyes of his friend, Ted Mallard, whom he had last seen at Chinchon, and at Colmenar during the worst of the Jarama attack. But how unlike in expression ! But who could tell, perhaps Mallard's eyes would have got that 'bolting' look by now, if he had gone through all that this man had ? Or perhaps not. It was difficult to think of Ted except as he had looked when they'd said goodbye at Colmenar front lines, the village eerily silent and deserted except for troops and the artillery rumbling beyond on the night hills. Ted's eyes when he had asked whether he wasn't returning shortly to Valencia ! "No," Ted had said, "There's work to be done here . . ." and his young tawny eyes tortured by war and the sights of bloodiness. Tortured, yes, but somehow he had known Ted Mallard had the proper sharp edge to his soul, the perceptive edge that is perhaps undefeatable ! And Ted still in the thick of it, while he himself . . .

Rattle shuffle went the wheels, To What Loyalty, To What Loyalty. Darkness over the humid earth, and a giggling moon skipped along with the train, leering on the Sierras. Jolting about on their seats the two militiamen and the American and Chilian slept, exuding waves of heat from their bodies. His wounded charge rose to his feet, and, muttering something indistinct about toilet, went into the ill-lit corridor. Michael followed behind him, feeling intuitively anxious and nervous. The man walked the length of the corridor, but instead of going into the lavatory he opened the end door, and, glaring back at Michael with eyes from which all sense had fled, stepped out. Michael shouted and ran, and behind him the American jumped alertly awake, pulling the communication cord. People were tramping, shouting, from the train, which had stopped at a high rocky point overlooking the sea, the Mediterranean sheerly beneath and boulders leading steeply down to it. There was not a sign of Michael's escaped convalescent. Many people began climbing and slithering down the rocks, Michael among them, soon they could see the whole length of the snaky outline of the train above their heads, blue in the moonlight.

"Well," said the American's voice beside him as they scrabbled gingerly downward, "I hope we're not delayed long

enough for the planes to find us, I don't want any apples dropped on my head. Say, if I hear a plane I'm making for the engine-driver pronto and get him moving. It's harder to hit a moving object, they say!" . . .

There was a shout below them, and then many people talking at once, their voices drifting into nothingness where the sea was. It seemed they had found the body, the man was dead; they were bringing him up the slopes, heaving him up in turn on willing shoulders. A few moments and all had reached the train again and those carrying the body laid it out on the carriage seat, and as the American covered the eyes Michael thought the eyes were now more unlike to Ted Mallard's than they had been in life, although they had lost their look of being haunted by some terror now, and only stared.

"Seems silly to have to come to Spain to commit suicide" said the American thoughtfully. "Why, any guy could do that at home! Not that I hold with doing away with yourself. Anyway, the poor guy won't have to go under any more operations, he's escaped that much at least——"

"It is a crime this suicide," said the Chilian. "But this one he was sick, he is mad with pain. May the good God be merciful to him! His sickness, his wounds are no disgrace, I'm telling you . . ."

The body jiggled slightly up and down on the carriage seat as the train jerked forward again. They had strapped the body so that the jerking of the train could not possibly unseat it. Michael stared out of the window and the moon swimming alongside the carriages seemed to leer at him, leering and skipping over the dark harsh rhythm of the Sierras. Rattle Shuffle went the wheels, To What Loyalty, To What Loyalty, To What Loyalty! It was all very fine for the American to say 'the poor guy' had escaped operations and pain in future, but what sort of escape had he made! He had gone down into death terrified and insane, his soul had gone into death in that fashion! That could not be called escape! The way of escape was the way of courage, always. Whatever your beliefs, with courage you escaped from yourself into something greater than yourself. No, it was Ted Mallard who had stayed at Colmenar who had escaped. At the very least, Mallard had escaped all that he himself was returning to! The lifeless Sundays, the intolerable Mondays. . . .

C. E. MILNE

TÍR NA h-ÓIGE

Seolam amac inár luings lán-luait
is triallam siar go tír úr-nuaid,
tráctam an tonn-mhuir go srian-luige siar
as taisteal tíre tárnghaire.

Siortam an linn-mhuir le h-áró-seol tuas
is cóir-ghaoth glórac dár stiúrú,
ceól-ghair na bpaileann bus doibhinn linn
as iarraid tír na h-óige dúinn.

Sroicpeamuid i inár luings lán-luait
is ísleam seol i dtír úr-nuaid,
tolltar ár long linn go srian-tráct síos
's go deo na díleann bíom go h-ós.

Suibne Seilt

AÓARCA FIADHAIS

Uasal a's traigíodac ár n-eactra
le cealltair tíoránaig cosmáil
ní'l dráma suasactac no ealgnac
agus ní'l beag-níð neam-suimeamail
Déanfað ár ngráð-na truaigeannta.

A's Thomas de Quincey as ól
cóulaidín níl caoin a's seanmnaidhe
'Tairdbream ar Anne buict sa tsiubal dó
Sabaimis sabaimis ó sabann sac níð
Minic ibpritséad go n-iompócad.

Na cuimneada 'na n-aóarca fiadhaig
go n-éagann 'meas na saoit' a nglór.

Aistriúgte ó bfraincis Guillaume Apollinaire le Niall Montgomery

LETTER OF THE MONTH

HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT

It often happens that under guise of an apparently harmless article a writer is perpetrating an attack on the country's moral fibre, insidiously attempting to undermine the nation's solidarity. Readers are by this time very properly on their guard. The writer, therefore, knowing well that time will reveal him for the snake-in-the-grass that he is, puts all his cards on the table, to wit, that he is about to pillory, indict, impeach or psychologically stab in the back the valiant heroes who, in the face of fearful odds, are leading the Irish people to a great and glorious destiny. Whether this misanthropy springs from a pension refused or a nomination rejected, must be left to those experts in the psycho-analysis of criticism who operated with such facility at the recent *Fianna Fail Ard-Fheis*.

We come to the core of the matter. The Government ministers who sought and secured an increase in salary in July last and who are now seeking a still further increase based their claim on their inability to maintain establishments and give entertainments suitable to the importance of their positions. They did not plead that they were unable to feed, clothe, and educate their children or that they could not afford to dance, play golf, and amuse themselves as well as they did in the old days (when still unembarrassed by official honours). They did not make the very human and reasonable claim that they wanted to get on in the world like everybody else. Nor was it argued that by the altered status of woman in the new Constitution, designed to produce the home-keeping wife, the nation's gain would be the ministers' loss. But, simply and bluntly, that they wanted to entertain.

The desire to entertain his friends is as natural and laudable to man as living in burrows is to rabbits, and if the minister who seeks a higher salary will swear a solemn oath to entertain his friends, and only his friends, no reasonable person will object to the increase. The amount of money involved is relatively small, and ministerial positions should undoubtedly be financially attractive. The objection is to "entertaining"—to the formal offering of hospitality by ministers in their official capacity, on the basis of position rather than personal friendship and on a scale determined by an English tradition rather than by the wealth—or poverty—of their own country.

This objection has a source deeper than mere repugnance to the camp followers, hangers-on, publicity-hunters, and jacks-in-office, who will inevitably overwhelm ministerial entertainments. It is founded on the belief that this effort at social pretentiousness will dissipate energies which should be directed to one serious political aim, the achievement of independence, that it will throw a smoke-screen round economic problems which should be kept in the limelight, that by its ostentation, it will intensify the discontent of our rural population. Moreover, it will set false standards of value for our social life as a whole. It will bring our ministers nearer and nearer to Punchestown, Ballsbridge, London, Paris and Geneva, and farther and farther from Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught, where their real interests lie. This is impudently deduced from the said ministers' unsubsidised flutterings in that direction already.

The ministers will, no doubt, endeavour to deceive themselves, to the tune of ascendancy flattery, that they are hastening the day when Emmet's epitaph may be written. Members of the previous government found that their efforts in this direction (far more strenuous, sartorially) were not appreciated by the labourers, tradesmen, peasants, bogmen, tatie-hokers, farmers, clerks, and all the others who, though they make up the Irish nation, were never invited to the garden-parties, receptions, and balls. These honest people found something alien in the ostentation, and decided that the ministers were "losing the run of themselves": a fatal thing in Irish politics, which demands of its leaders a genuine sympathy and constant contact with the common people. Our ministers may add to their self-esteem by oratorical flights at Geneva, but not to their stature in the affection of the people.

One of the Ministers recently confessed that he was only the mouthpiece of the permanent civil servants, and these officers inevitably play a large part in the arrangement and organisation of official entertainments. It is not strange, therefore, to find that at these functions, the company is composed largely of higher civil servants, and it has been remarked of some (maliciously, if wittily) that they dine out only as guests of the nation. However, there is a danger that if ministers entertain officially on a large scale, their subordinates will endeavour to emulate, if not return, the hospitality, the expense of which will inevitably form the basis of a demand for higher salaries. Such a development might well accentuate an existent tendency for the civil service to become

a bureaucracy completely out of sympathy and out of touch with the rest of the country. The menace of a Dublin, top-heavy as regards the economy of the rest of Ireland, is sufficiently grave at present, but any increase in official entertainment will reproduce here, in miniature, St. Petersburg under the Tsars, when magnificence and splendour for the few leered down upon squalor and poverty of the many.

The mentality which gloried in Viceregal functions is not yet gone, nor will those who lost their taste for them in the nick of time be excluded from our ministers' parties. They are, and their kind will always be, the mainstay of official entertainment and their activities are as injurious to the country to-day as they were in 1920. Their eyes are turned to England—their standards are those of English education, the English army, navy, and civil service. Will an Irish government or Irish ministers extend hospitality to Irishmen who reject Irish education and refuse Irish citizenship?

If the dire forebodings and over-emphasis in which the writer has indulged convey anything of his feeling, he need offer no apology. His plea is for a simple and dignified national life, based on the realisation that this is a poor country. Let our culture and our social life spring from this realisation. Our wealth is agriculture. Let the standards of our official life and salaries be determined rather by those of our farmers than by those which prevail in an Empire of vast wealth and resource. Let the measure of our hospitality be that of the Irish peasant, not that of the Viceroy of a dead regime. Our ministers must give the lead.

Well, gentlemen? R.S.V.P.

GERALD O'BEIRNE

I believe in Electric Clocks, in the Vacuum Cleaner, in its box,
 In the Washing Machine for Hygiene,
 In Electric Combs, for Modern Homes,
 In Gas-heated Rails and Stainless Pails
 In Electric Shaving and Labour Saving,
 In Television and Land-division,
 In the number of miles to the Planet Mars
 And the weight to an ounce of the larger stars,
 I believe the earth goes round the sun,
 I believe in having a lotta fun;
 I believe a toothache is dental caries
 But I have my doubts about the fairies.

I believe in Psycho-analysis, also that Infantile Paralysis
 Is caused by a germ. I believe a Therm
 Is so many cubic feet of gas,
 I believe my grandda was an ass,
 I believe in the Watt and Volt,
 I believe in what I'm tolt,
 In Vitamin A and B and C and ditto D and ditto E
 (And any more there may happen to be);
 I believe in the Licensing Laws
 But I'm not so sure about Santa Claus.

I believe in Department Stores
 And Somebody's Skin-Food for Open Pores,
 I believe in the Stratosphere,
 In Beach Pyjamas, the College Cheer,
 I believe in Einstein's views
 And I believe in Truth in the News,
 I believe in Majority Rule
 And something or other than Won't Shrink Wool,
 I believe in the Will to Power
 And the maximum number of miles per hour,
 In Halitosis and Dish-pan Hands,
 Air-conditioning, Radio Bands,
 Chromium Plating, Bakelite,
 Sunshine Cruises and Arctic Flight,
 Submarine Warfare, Air Attacks,
 Gas, Democracy, Income Tax,
 I believe in Dictatorships,
 In Mass-Production and Painted Lips
 I believe in the Cocktail Bar
 And that woman's place is wherever you are.
 That Vaccination will cure disease,
 That Somebody's Powder will Banish Fleas,
 That every Irishman is a sport,
 That an English house is the owner's Fort,
 That Frenchmen all write dirty books,
 And the Latin Nations are cowardly crooks,
 I believe it Pays to Advertise
 And Education will make us wise;
 I believe in Madame Montessori
 But I don't believe in Johnny McGory.

ART

KEATING

Public Monuments are becoming almost daily a more provocative subject, not to say an explosive one, but having touched it last month it was the intention to advance further into this dangerous field and, theoretically, blow up the Nelson Pillar in this number. A confirmation of the rumour that Dublin is to have a duplicate of the Emmet statue is now current, and it is stated that the bronze is already cast in Philadelphia and awaiting shipment. On this text it was hoped to hang a plea for the destruction of those monuments whose offensiveness is not out-weighed by their artistic merit and to consider how the large number of vacant sites thus provided might be filled. This cheerful design has been postponed by the exhibition at Waddington's Galleries of the work of Mr. John Keating, R.H.A., the importance of which demands some immediate comment, in spite of the fact that the exhibition will be over and the pictures dispersed before these notes appear.

The works are only twenty-eight in all, and about half of them are crayon heads, yet it is probably the most impressive exhibition of any one artist's painting Dublin has ever seen. It shows Mr. Keating at the height of his powers, an artist with serene confidence in his ability to express anything he wishes, fully, simply and directly. If the severest test of a work of art is that the critic should be occupied by the result alone and unconscious of the means employed, then Mr. Keating has reached the harbour at a surprisingly early age. For all one knows, considerable toil and thought may have been spent in the design and execution of any of these pictures, but they baffle analysis and leave the impression that the handling is sub-conscious and as effortless as the act of writing.

I missed, unfortunately, Mr. Keating's last exhibition, two years ago, and was quite unprepared for this revelation of his power. Few of the works exhibited by him in recent years at the Academy would lead one to anticipate such a standard of achievement, which is all the more remarkable because, as I believe, every available picture by the artist is exhibited, including one still to be finished. Mr. Keating seems to have located one of those elusive corners, and turned it, but not without laborious exploration. In retrospect, he seems to have been wrestling for twenty-five years with different problems in turn. It is no harm to say that there was visible in his progression, a tendency to forget one lesson in his preoccupation with the next. There was a period, for instance, when he was concerned with composition and subordinated equally important elements in picture-making to the creation of a pattern. "Brethren So Run," for example, was little more than a study in design. There was a period, too, when Mr. Keating felt that Art was more than a matter of technique. He was right, for great Art has never been produced except under the stimulus of some emotion, though not necessarily a personal one, but the noblest message will fail if crudely conveyed and it seemed as if, in his concentration on the message, the artist was becoming impatient of the means. Moreover, while

(continued on page 66)

MUSIC

SOME IRISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS

THE word carol is probably derived from "carolare," suggesting the mediæval ring-dance, which was accompanied by singing. Noels, or Christmas carols, says Jean J. Rousseau, are a kind of air wedded to certain canticles sung by the people in celebration of Christmas. A special significance attaches to the word people—as most carols are of a pastoral nature and tell of the simple things in life; they were not skilfully thought-out works, but the natural and unpremeditated out-pourings of the human heart. In fact, as P. Dearmer says—in the introduction to *The Oxford Book of Carols*—"Carols are songs with a religious impulse that are simple, hilarious, popular, and modern. Carol literature and music are rich in true folk-poetry, and remain fresh and buoyant even when the subject is a grave one."

Carols were not confined to the subject of the Nativity, but embraced many other themes, such as: Carols of the Passion, including planctus Mariæ, carols of the Saints, and of the Mass and Eucharist, carols of religious and moral counsel, carols of doomsday and mortality; and even amorous and humorous carols. It may, however, be stated that the Nativity carol constitutes by far the largest group.

Grattan Flood is of the opinion that Christmas Carols were popular among the Anglo-Irish in the 14th century, and continued in unabated favour till the reign of Elizabeth. In the *Red Book of Ossory*, there are fifteen pages written in double columns containing sixty Latin verses, written by Richard Ledrede, Bishop of Ossory from 1317 to 1360—best known for his connection with the heresy and witchcraft trials between the years 1324–1331. The date of the verses is probably about 1324.

These verses, or Cantilenæ, were written by Bishop Ledrede "for the Vicars Choral of Kilkenny Cathedral, his priests, and clerics, to be sung on great festivals and other occasions," as is stated in a memorandum in said book, "that their throats and mouths, sanctified to God, might not be polluted with theatrical, indecent and secular songs." The sixty pieces are in honour of Our Lord, the Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the first of them is entitled: "Cantilena de Nativitate Domini," which is really a Christmas Carol, followed by three others "de eodem festo."

In 1690, Luke Wadding, Bishop of Ferns, issued a book of carols with the following title:—"A Pious Garland of Godly Songs for the solace of his friends and neighbours in their afflictions. To which is added a choice collection of Divine Poems." The first page of the volume bears the following inscription: "A Pious Garland"—"A Posie presented to a Mary, in her own garden, on St. Mary's Day." The volume also contains "Carols for the several Days of Christmas, First on Christ's Nativity." To the tune of *Neen Major Neal*:

(a)

An Angel this Night
Doth to the Shepherds bring,
Most rare and joyful news

To move all hearts to sing
 A Saviour from Heaven
 Unto the World is come
 And God is now made man
 For Man's Redemption.

On the Circumcision, or New Year's Day.

To the same tune—*Major Neal* :

(b) This first Day of the Year
 Jesus to us doth give
 His pure and precious Blood
 That we in Him may live
 A most rare New-Year's gift.

On St. Stephen's Day.

To the same tune :

(c) This is St. Stephen's Day,
 His Feast we solemnize
 From Him we learn to pardon,
 And love our Enemies,
 He's the first Christian Martyr,
 Who pass'd from Earth to Heaven.

(N.B.—Note the rhyming of "solemnize" with "Enemies.")

Then follow :

Short Carols, for each day of Christmas.

All to the tune of *I do not love 'cause thou art fair*.

For Christmas

This Christmas Day you pray me sing,
 My Carol, to our new-born King
 A God made man, the Virgin's Son,
 The Word made Flesh, can this be done?
 Of me I pray no more require,
 Than this great mystery to admire
 Whom Heaven of Heaven's cannot contain
 As Scripture doth declare most plain,
 In a poor stable is born this Day.

It is a fact that Dr. Joyce's great collection of Irish Folksong gave but one undoubted carol, *i.e.*, "The leading of the Star" (or as a variant simply "The Star,") which is not mentioned in the *Pious Garland*.

Duncan says "that in reply to some inquiries," Dr. Joyce gave the following particulars:—"In the part of Ireland (South Limerick) where I spent my boyhood and youth, the custom of singing Christmas Carols was unknown. This accounts for the almost total absence of any mention of them in my books. Considering the name as well as the character of the tune, I have no hesitation in expressing an opinion that "The Leading of the Star" was the air of Christmas-Carol words. There is another and very pleasing little melody in my book, *Handsome Sally*, which you may be even more sure of. I remember well when, about 1854, I brought the air under Dr. Petrie's notice, he at once recognised it as one of the Christmas Carol tunes sung in Dublin streets. I never

heard it in Dublin, however, nor anywhere else, except at home, as I explained in my short preface. But Petrie's statement may be considered as settling the question, and I may add that Prof. O'Curry, who happened to be present, corroborated him. I did not take much notice of it then, for in the first place my attention was not (at that time) much devoted to this class of chants, and, in the second place, the words of *Handsome Sally* were so inextricably blended with the air since my earliest boyhood."

Grattan Flood says "The Star" is a carol, but the tune is the old Irish air, "The Captivating Youth"—Bunting (1796).

An interesting nativity Carol is to be found in the *MS Lute Book* by William Ballet, early 17th century, Trinity College, Dublin. It is printed in *The Oxford Book of Carols*.

The first verse is as follows:

"Sweet was the song the Virgin sang;
When she to Bethlem Juda came,
And was delivered of a Son,
That blessed Jesus hath to name
'Lulla, lulla, lulla- lulla-by,
'Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla-by.

One of the oldest church hymns, which in a sense can be called a carol, comes from the 5th century, "A Solis ortus cardine." The Latin hymn is by the Irish Sedullus (or Sheil). The following is a translation:—

Now from the rising of the sun
Unto the utmost bounds of earth
We sing, the praise of Christ our King
Sweet Mary's Child of Virgin birth.

HERBERT WILLIAM SOUTH

BALLET AND IRISH BALLET

Two attempts are being made at the moment to solve the problems incidental to the creation of an Irish Ballet idiom, one by the Ceol Cumann School of Ballet and the other by the Payne School of Dance and Mime. Both these attempts mirror two schools of thought, and both attack the problems from different angles and a consideration of these matters may be of interest to readers.

Before proceeding to a consideration of Ballet, it might be as well to examine certain features of Irish folk-dancing. I use the adjective "folk" merely for purposes of definition, of classification, and here I should say perhaps that I do not propose to consider "social" dances, multi-handed reels and such like, but the solo and set dances. My first thoughts about Irish dancing came as a result of a question by an English danseuse. Having watched and enjoyed some Irish dancing, she asked me "what other dances she could see?" saying when I explained the matter to her, "But surely the Irish, such an emotional people, have something more expressive of their life than this to offer?"

For the first time I saw Irish dancing for the unemotional, impersonal thing it is, saw that it bore the same relation to Ballet, particularly modern Ballet, that manuscript illumination does to painting. I am not discussing the worth of this dancing of ours, just stating obvious things concerning it. In certain ways it runs parallel to what is called sometimes "Operatic Ballet," but its existence is on a plane different from that of modern ballet, the function of which is the expression of idea, of humanity, of emotion. Irish dancing as we know it does not express. Some have insisted to me that it expresses vitality, but there is a flaw in this claim. One can in the various arts express the speed of vitality, its strength, the happiness that springs from the vitality of the young, or the cruelty of great vitality—perhaps in the aged, but one cannot express the thing, vitality itself, I mean that impersonal thing vitality. Vitality is spirit, and to the objective mind is negative in quality. Was not the Neoplatonic symbol for God the circle radiating from an unseen centre? This, I think, is the trouble with any attempt to express vitality, that the latter is an unseen centre and one can objectively realize its implied existence only by a consideration of the circumference.

I think one of the reasons for the expressionless nature of this dancing is that it is an affair of pattern, not of design. It is difficult in a mere paragraph to deal fully with the implications of such a statement, but anyone who has read, say, the fundamentals of many Eastern mythologies will, I think, agree that the "pattern" idea is the antithesis of the idea of individual life, the pattern is always something other than life. So the Irish dancer weaves his patterns. Joseph Campbell has, I think, something the same idea in his mind when he wrote of the dancer:

"But he dances there,
As if his kin were dead:
Clay in his thoughts
And lightning in his tread."

Two other things should, I think, be said about Irish dancing—the first concerning virtuosity. Technique is a prime necessity to an art creation; it is acquired so that the artist may express his idea with the greatest possible clarity, so that the veils placed by the use of material media between the idea and the artist's presentation of it, may be as diaphanous as it is humanly possible to make them. And this for two reasons: first, for the sake of the idea itself, and secondly, that fellow-men may more easily understand. Technique is the servant of expression. But if the artist has nothing to express what then is the end of technique? Mere virtuosity and sterility? Watching Irish dancing and seeing that the most important thing is technical proficiency, according to the pundits, one wonders will the end be sterility.

The second thing that should be said is that Irish dancing as we have it to-day, does not fit into the domain of "folk" at all; at least so it seems to me. There is naturally some sort of foundation for calling it folk-dancing, its rudiments were collected from amongst the people. But in its own sphere,

to-day, it is as highly specialized, as highly technical, as any "Operatic Ballet" work. It may once have been folk dancing ; now it is raised to the nth degree and is an art-form.

(To be continued)

EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAI

R.D.S. RECITALS

Lack of space prevents anything being attempted but bare notes of certain musical activities.

Cortot opened this year's recitals—giving us a Chopin cum Schumann programme. His playing is too well-known to need any comment from me.

The Roth String Quartette occupied the second recital. A very lovely quartette, their Debussy was a delight. A certain harshness was noticeable in the leader's tone in the Haydn number. This was the only ground for complaint—everything else was indubitably right.

The third recital was one by the Pasquier String Trio. The excellent impression made by this trio last year was confirmed by this performance. They are indeed excellent artists and if one did not enjoy everything played, we ventured with them in strange places, in programmes ranging from Beethoven to Reger and Pierne.

E. Ó. G.

ART—continued from page 61

there can be no objection to the picture that tells a story, since every picture must tell a story, it should not be a short story, and many of Mr. Keating's pictures have been anecdotal. Now, however, he has picked up all the dropped threads, he has regained a quality of pigment of which he once appeared contemptuous—he never under-estimated the importance of drawing—and his message deals with more permanent things, more subtly conveyed.

I have long suspected the existence of an "Irish School," a group of painters rid of the provincialism that has stultified Irish Art, and this exhibition puts it beyond doubt. No artistic godfathers, if there are any, are in evidence. These paintings are almost aggressively independent. It is not alone that he has sought inspiration in a landscape peculiarly individual and among a people with a manner of life peculiarly their own ; he might have done that and remained either sentimental or patronising. But these are no "costume pictures." It is rather that under these torn Western skies, against the dark seas swelling, even in calm, with the depth and weight of an ocean, among simple folk busied with simple things, he has found something which answers a desire in himself, and earth, sky, water and humanity are all blended in a harmony expressive of something old and precious, enduring and threatened.

All of which sounds very like hyperbole, but is nothing more than an outburst of gratitude.

JOHN DOWLING

THEATRE

ROGUES' GALLERY

ABBAY—(Producer, Hugh Hunt ; designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch). Following their successful *In the Train*, Hugh Hunt and Frank O'Connor have again joined forces, with excellent results, in *The Invincibles*, which deals with the Phoenix Park murders of 1882 ; in the course of a programme note the authors stated the case that Carey, who has been a byword ever since as an informer, was really not so black as he has been painted, and that, in fact, the cloud under which he and his associates lie is due to the vilifications of the orthodox Nationalists, Fenians, etc., who "let them down." The play was an attempt to prove this typical O'Connor thesis ; and in writing and production, definitely failed to do so. I found Carey's psychology incredible in his crucial scene (where he informs on the others) ; how the shrewd, rather cynical Carey of the earlier scenes could become such an utter fool, through mere vanity, was not even adequately explained nor developed in the writing. Fred Johnson's handling of this most unsympathetic part was excellent, up to this point, and perhaps his blurring here of lines, in which he could hardly believe, helped in my lack of conviction ; but his role was against him in any case, and the interest of the audience (and, probably, of the authors) swung inevitably towards Brady, a fine performance by W. O'Gorman, which stole the whole play—the character of Brady, his situation, the consistent strength of the player himself, the steady subordination of the others to him (in which the producer let down his own thesis) all made Brady a character-study of such strength and richness as to become the main theme of the play. Brady's last scene was a fine bit of work in every way, in dialogue, acting and effects ; I especially noted the O'Connorisms whereby the past, used as a symbol of the present, is made indirectly a means to attack the here and now. It is a very neat method—if hardpressed, one can always claim that only the past was attacked. But, beyond doubt, Frank O'Connor's greatest contribution to the Abbey is his "debunkery"—his work has a "bite" that is badly needed there (the dialogue, for example, had a raw vigour that the same company denies to O'Casey). A feature of this show was the excellent teamwork obtained by the producer from the large cast, many of them in very small roles, yet all consistently held and very neatly fitted together ; the crowdwork all round was excellent—except, possibly, in Scene 3, after the murders, when W. O'Gorman and his merry men would have been arrested at sight by even a stage R.I.C. man—all four seemed afflicted with acute gastric trouble, followed by coma. However, if they *had* been arrested, we would have lost scene 5, which was fine all through, finishing with a fine producer-touch, the lineout of the conspirators on the staircase, staring into the gloom, hands slowly rising as the curtain slowly descended—our imagination easily supplied the police, the arrests. This was, indeed, excellent use of an excellent though simple setting, consisting of one room above another on stage left with a staircase leading to the upper room from stage right ; with this framework, well chosen props and good lighting did the rest. I have mentioned the excellent crowdwork ; to mention anyone specially would take too long ; but, still, Cyril Cusack's hysteria as Kelly, Dermot Kelly's effort at composing a proclamation, ably abetted by Ml. Finn (the dialogue here was "grand") ; Christine Hayden's delicately handled Mrs. Brady, and F. Carney's Number One, all deserve mention ; even if they were, most of them, stock types, at least they were *alive* types, not "pennyplain" paper cutouts, such as the Pollocks of the Abbey have often charged us twopence for.

GATE—Here *Macbeth* was followed, aptly enough, by *Judgment Day*. *Macbeth*, produced by Hilton Edwards, designs by Micheal Mac Liammoir,

revealed again that care for superficial detail, for plausibility of action, for pointing of lines which characterises Gate productions ; it was a pity this care did not extend to regard for both the audience's sense of humour and the play's own peculiar darkness of superstitious horror and sense of superrational doom ; the result of a realistic approach was that we watched a crowd of rather dowdily dressed villagers slowly make up their minds to convict Macbeth, the local boss, of murder and then proceed to get him with much arguing and scurrying, a buffalo-like MacDuff breathing sound and fury in the van. They got their man alright, but did we get *Macbeth* ? I say no, granting, however, that we all enjoyed ourselves ; I confess without shame that I laughed in the wrong places as zestfully as everybody else. There is more to *Macbeth* than a mere gangster plot and only wrong or limited outlook could give us no more, especially when speeches were so well pointed, so much "business" carefully worked out—though would-be "plausibility" again gave us some unwanted merriment with a Banquo's Ghost apparently worked by a spring, a Witch's Cauldron that was apparently enjoyed by the players as much as by ourselves, a turnip on a pole to help the new King of Scotland to get full value from his newly won dignity. I liked two or three players in roles too small to merit detailed attention, but showing genuine promise, such as Gerald Healy's Messenger, Tyrell Pine's Banquo, Art O'Murnaghan's Porter (a delightful study this).

Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day* was produced by Reginald Jarman, who also acted the part of Prosecuting Counsel in both the London and Dublin productions ; needless to say, the Dublin show was as faithful a copy of the London production as the actors available would allow. Having seen both, I award the palm to the London show—though I saw this, I must admit, when the machine had settled down to smooth action after some two months' run. The teamwork and individual *life* of all the cast was immeasurably better, not a line missed its effect, and the whole background of the play, a people cowed by fear and that peculiar parade ground atmosphere that a dictator-regime brings, even in its supporters, all this came over in hundreds of subtle details. The greatest difference was in the audience ; in London this play was a matter of intense personal anxiety—line after line was greeted by cheers, "Hear, hears, etc. ; in Dublin it was mere comedy at times, our sense of the ridiculous and our remoteness from what many in England apparently believe to be an imminent evil, both led to the same lines being taken as mere "guying" rather than as indications of acute hostility to such a regime. This may have accounted for a relative lack of "snap" in the Dublin show ; definite lack of timing, and of prompt cue-taking, accounted for most of it—this and a few caricatures, whose antics threw the show out of balance. Some roles were definitely better here, especially Lionel Dymoke's Rakovski, an incredible caricature in London, and John Stephenson's Kurt Schneider, which I thought very near perfection. Anthony Trimen was an animated mass of wood as Conrad Noli, Lydia's Americanised brother, while Coralie Carmichael's Mme. Crevel was as poor as her Lady Macbeth—Rice's Italian prima-donna, very, very fleshly indeed, became a chic, rather strident, almost French street-walker, largely lacking in that matter-of-fact coarseness that is the essence of this role. The play itself is a fine job of its kind, with Rice's flair for introducing fresh action just as needed and his skill in thumbnail characterisation ; it was also objective, which I liked. That mediocre production and a rather tawdry setting could not kill it is a tribute to its effectiveness.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

FILM

THE POSITION OF THE CINEMA IN IRELAND—THE TALKIES

THE immediate effect of the talkies was to lower the standard of film making and the integrity of film-makers because now the talkie was being played as novelty and as canned theatre. All the technical advance of the preceding years was thrown overboard and there was a return to the early stages of the cinema. Again static scenes and stagey action while audiences were spoken at or sung to. It is interesting to note that in the early days of the cinema, Edison's film invention came about by trying to fit pictures to his sound invention, the phonograph. The talkies reversed the process because here the film people had existing pictures which they felt lacked something when not accompanied by sound as in nature—a false realism masquerading under the guise of novelty. Another effect of the talkies was to exploit stage stars and singers. Broadway was combed for talent and an element of sophistication, generally absent before, took possession of the Cinema, as it became more and more entangled with literature and the theatre. It was scarcely to be wondered at that anyone who saw the cinema as a potential cultural and artistic medium denounced the talkies vigorously, and sighed for the days of the silents. Musicals, murder mysteries, trial plots, and gangster stories, now became the order of the day in cinema—crude, raucous, and, apart from the realistic novelty, boring.

But the most disastrous effect was the closing of the barriers to non-English speaking films. The talkies secured the monopoly of English and American films in the Irish cinema. Whereas before, the best work of all countries came along, now we were confined to one type of film, and that one of very little cultural and artistic worth, and not even always entertaining. However, the pioneers were there to help the talkie and determined efforts were made to bring back all the old camera mobility and action speed. This demanded limitation of dialogue to a subsidiary position, and music came to occupy a more prominent place in the sound track along with natural sound. I remember an interesting experiment in this direction in an early talkie, "The Crimson Circle," where Edmund Meisel's music blended with the sound and even added something to the dramatic action of the film, as, for instance, when the heroine is trying to move noiselessly across the floor without being heard by her enemies, each footstep corresponds to a deep stress in the music. Rene Clair's "Le Million," Lubitsch's "Love Parade," "Monte Carlo," Chaplin's "City Lights" and "Modern Times," show what can be done with music; but, perhaps, the most interesting example of music used dramatically is Walter Moss's "Eight Million," a lyrical documentary of London. In this film picture and music were closely bound together, and the film was actually cut to the music of Gustav Holst and Prokofiev. Stress in the music is accompanied by corresponding pictorial emphasis. The striking effectiveness of the result has to be seen to be appreciated. More recently Friedrich Feher has adopted a somewhat similar technique in his "Robber Symphony," which has not, as far as I know, been shown in the Free State.

A list of the films seen in Dublin in 1930 include "White Shadows," "The Hottentot," "Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Trial of Mary Dugan," "Honky Tonky," "Atlantic," "Rio Rita," "Taming of the Shrew," "Juno and the Paycock," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Murder." Silents were still to be seen. Brigitte Helm in "Yacht of the Seven Sins," "Napoleon," "Laugh Clown Laugh," "The Cossacks," "Anna Karenina," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Looping the Loop," "Love's Sacrifice," and Pudovkin's "End of St. Petersburg" and "Storm over Asia." These two latter films, of course, represent the peak achievement in cinema as seen in Ireland. Both were sincere simple films, beautifully constructed and of value independent of any propaganda uses they might have. My personal opinion is that Pudovkin is primarily an artist, and enjoys making pictures, and thereby discovering and revealing fundamentals that even the Soviet State propagandists don't suspect. If a beautiful film was made here under the auspices of the Gaelic League or the Christian Front, I've no doubt that they, too, would be blind to its significance. That is how artists sometimes manage to keep on living.

Coming down to recent times the standard of cinema has been lowered. Continental films, usually of high standard, have scarcely appeared at all in Dublin. "Kamaradschaft," Pabst's beautiful offering to the world's peace, was flung into the musical uproar and canned nasality, which had left people without the proper use of their God-given faculties of hearing and seeing. Naturally, it was a failure, and passed out unwept, unhonoured and unsung. Preceding that debacle a gala premiere of "Grand Hotel," a super star-vehicle at a large cinema, was ushered in by the appearance of all art, society and educational celebrities.

Other notable continental talkies that have come to Ireland include: Rene Clair's "Million," Ucicky's "Immortal Vagabond," Willy Forst's "Maskerade," Ludwig Berger's "Waltzerkrieg," and Stapenhorst's "Morgenrot." Others have been, I understand, shown to the censor and passed for exhibition, but no one has troubled to show them—of these I may mention "Maedchen in Uniform" and "Don Quixote."

With the break up of the German film industry under Hitler, the directors and technicians were assimilated by the English and American film studios, where the very commercial atmosphere prevailing did not lead to very good results. In recent years pretentiousness, parading in an aura of art, has turned out boring, overweighted, expensive pictures, and the exploitation of stage personalities and cheap humour in the smaller pictures has given the *coup de grace* to any vitality the cinema ever possessed.

Dublin and, consequently, Ireland is accepting at the present moment a standard type of entertainment machine-made with the dead efficiency of the machine. The cinema habit has caught on and the public can't do without their visit to the films whatever the subject, content or treatment may be.

LIAM Ó LAOGH AIRE

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR SIRs,

I fear to intrude on your columns again. But I would be very grateful if you would allow me to propose for discussion what is in my judgment one of the first problems for the new Ireland, that of conquering our inferiority complex in regard to our own historic tradition which seems to be due to the fact that we are as a people still overawed by the ascendancy class that so long kept us as mere helots. The philosophy of that class can be seen at its best in the now conciliatory tone of the *Irish Times*. I have been painfully, grimly amused at the envy with which so many intelligent Nationalists regard that paper, a paper that has attained its present position through the cultured leisure that an aristocracy maintains by having an enslaved people at its beck and call. In Ireland this aristocracy has been publicly deposed, but it still rules the country to a large extent in something of the way a strong wife governs her home while her husband remains the nominal ruler.

My still growing admiration for IRELAND TO-DAY arises primarily from the fact that I think that it alone is carrying on in a constructive way the separatist tradition which aims at making Ireland independent interiorly, as well as exteriorly ; independent in mind and heart as well as in the organs of government. For it is difficult to avoid the impression that Mr. De Valera's Government is gradually succumbing like its predecessor.

However, the purpose of this letter is not mere criticism, but to make a practical suggestion in furtherance of your fine work. The problem that presents itself is to discover some means of enabling the community as a whole to repudiate the ascendancy tradition not only because it has enslaved us, but also because it is bad in itself. My conviction is that this can only be achieved when Ireland recognises her membership of the European family as vividly as she recognises her personality as a nation. When she has done this she will see her own heroic fidelity to the traditions of that family in contrast to the betrayal of all that Europe holds dear by the ascendancy class of England and Ireland. To-day Europe has awakened to this betrayal and two revolutionary movements have arisen as a consequence. They are the Catholic revival on the Continent so splendidly led by Leo XIII. and his successors and Marxist Communism. Ireland must choose between the two. At present while holding the Faith as fervently as ever in her private life, she has in my judgment surrendered to the disgusting bourgeois liberalism of Victorian times in her public life.

The character of the Irish, especially as revealed in her saints, has been that of the fool in the famous poem of Patrick Pearse. Yet, as has been said above, we have surrendered to the usurious so-called liberal capitalism of our day which at its best must draw down the divine condemnation as being neither hot nor cold. Let me repeat therefore that there are only two things worthy of Irishmen and that at a time when we are witnessing the greatest crisis in the history of Europe. These are the flaming social love of Christ which has been the glory of the European family or the fierce social humanitarianism of the sincere Communist. Ireland will surely never accept the latter not only because it is an inhuman denial of the dignity of the individual, but also because it is entangled in materialism and is often led by those who hate Christ almost as fiercely as the saints love Him. None the less its intense sincerity must make it more pleasing to God than our present system.

Yours sincerely,

St. Mary's Convent,
Lowestoft, 6/11/1937.

(REV.) GERALD FLANAGAN

“THE CITIZEN IN INDUSTRY”

SIR,

I am astounded by the article in your November issue by E. M. McGuire. I have never read a clearer exposition of the abominable attitude he takes. Not once throughout his article is there either reference to or appreciation of the fact that the real object of business is *to make things*. From his point of view profits is the *raison d'être*—“from the common fount of profits comes the material reward of their efforts,” and his bland assumption that both business management and the labours of the employees have for their main object the production of a dividend for the investors . . . ! It is a forgivable mistake on the part of revolutionaries to lump the managers and directors in with the shareholders and financiers for they generally side together in politics, but it is not forgivable that a writer in your magazine should fall into the same quagmire, and it is even less forgivable that he should accept without question the right of investors to control industry.

Yours faithfully,

ERIC GILL

Pigotts, Highwycombe,
6th November, 1937.

NORTHERN CENSUS

DEAR SIR,

The letter in your November issue about the February Census in Northern Ireland must have suggested to many, as it did to me, the desirability of some authoritative information being made available. It is difficult, at this distance, to be sure one has not missed anything, but I believe your correspondent is correct in saying that the results of the Census have been imperfectly disclosed. I do not, of course, mean all the subordinate conclusions, but the broad facts, such as the number of Roman Catholics and Protestants. The information, right or wrong, which has reached me on this point is that the numbers came out approximately equal. Surely all those who are intelligently interested in *Irish* affairs are entitled, by this time, to know what the Census showed. Whatever may be the facts on this important matter, no good purpose seems served by withholding them, even if Lord Craigavon is, unfortunately, still not at work.

(SIR) HENRY MCANALLY

3 Pembroke Villas,
Kensington, W., London.
11th November, 1937.

DEAR SIR,

I object to being bracketed amongst the abstractionists by Seán Ó Meádhra in his article in the November number, on “Empathy.” I was always an absolute realist in my work, whether it has “empathy” or not.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY KERNOFF, R.H.A.

135 Stamer Street, Dublin.
14th November, 1937.

BOOK SECTION

THE "VISION" OF GEORGE RUSSELL

"The light is the real person in the picture." Monet's phrase was constantly on George Russell's lips and is repeated in many of his letters. In the sense in which this essay will imply it, Æ would not have claimed it for himself, albeit he knew and said his work was lit by "the candle of vision": "a flickering lantern." But it is on Æ himself that I would ask readers who would relate this poet to his poetry to direct Monet's illuminating words. For if Æ is not understood as a visionary his poetry will seem incomprehensible. The normally imaginative man early discovers within consciousness a self, a soul, however he may later define that being and whatever may be his previsioning of its *post mortem* existences. It was Æ's distinction to look deeper: "I know that I am a spirit." He had written thus in his foreword to the then unpublished *Homeward* when I first talked with him in 1894. "Your coming," he said, in our last talk in London before his death, "is included in the laws of spiritual gravitation." It was in searching out the constitution of hidden spiritual realms and living subject to their laws—the idea involved in Karma—that he spent virtually all of his life.

"I am a spirit." Was that the romantic but callow utterance of a budding poet or, as he believed it to be, an authentic discovery, the aftermath of anterior living in previous incarnations? He certainly held to that conception of himself throughout the forty years separating those two statements I have quoted above. To meditate upon that conception is to contemplate the fundamental mystery of Æ. I cannot attempt within the compass of a very brief essay to penetrate that mystery. Instead, I will ask the reader, when he has considered such clues as may be indicated here—slight clues, but I claim reliable—to turn to the sources from which (as well as from my own memory) I draw them, by spending eight half crowns, three upon Mr. John Eglinton's balanced and just *Memoir of Æ* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) with its ennobling and fascinating reconstruction of the pellucid and yet elusive man I knew so well, and five on Mr. Monk Gibbon's very skillfully chosen anthology from Æ's own prose work, *The Living Torch*, (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) with its generous, understanding and finely written introductory essay. It will be well spent money. If the reader is sensitive to spiritual beauty, alert and sanely imaginative, he will find himself engaged upon a problem more subtle and profound than Hamlet's; a problem of the essential nature of man.

Mr. Monk Gibbon's book is inspired by the temper in which forty years ago young men, Russell's own contemporaries, found themselves led to realise him as a seer, as a man, that is, whose reliance is on inner realities personally tested, and whose insight, therefore, needs no stimulation of sensational foretelling (vaticination) to confirm his natural title as Prophet. The selections in the *Living Torch* exhibit a wide comprehension of the author's mind, tastes,

powers, flexibility and, in spite of temperamental boundaries, amazing diversity. From different angles and exhibiting varying outlines of their subject, each book singularly confirms the other in presenting a man, not a posed and imaginary portrait. If Mr. Eglinton, the elder writer, seems at first more tentative in his approach to Æ as poet and mystic—as painter he is discussed in a weighty note contributed by Dr. Bodkin and some of Æ's own reactions to art are incidentally discussed in Mr. C. P. Curran's entertaining account of a visit they paid together to Paris—and if Russell's work is subjected to a careful scrutiny, it is not only because Mr. Eglinton as one of our best living writers of English prose is "zealous" of good work, but also because, before committing his pen to a final eulogy, he can draw on a comprehensive and comprehending knowledge of great literature. When, therefore, the statuesque figure of Russell on which he has worked with affectionate caution emerges as a poet whom a future age may accept as one of the really important religious writers, we feel a sense of security for an intuition of our own which we might else have challenged as a too daring guess.

Before further examining that intuition something, however slight, must be said of Æ the publicist. As co-operative official, pioneer, journalist, I have written of him elsewhere; of how he worked towards the new economic of a "Co-operative Commonwealth," of his hurried but distinguished output of luminous idealism weekly in the *Irish Homestead* and the fervid but dignified oratory with which he influenced farmers at home and enquirers and publicists from abroad. I can here but mention the striking gifts of speech which drew him, reluctantly, to the doomed Irish Convention and which were so often fruitfully spent in private interviews with people of public importance, who were led by his eloquence, force and reasonableness to aid causes he supported, or his distinguished work as Editor of *The Irish Statesman*, the most remarkable weekly ever issued in Ireland, which gave him a cosmopolitan reputation he had not sought; whilst his painting, the product of a scant leisure, brought him the more welcome prestige dear to the child-like heart of the artist. These aspects of Æ form an engaging study and are interestingly discussed in both books. But for all their evidences of an astonishing energy they do not exhaust him; indeed, these relatively outward aspects may but confuse our approach to the essential man, the poet. It is a truism that no biographer can re-create the soul of any even the most ordinary fully vitalised human being, and certainly no pen is fully adequate to measure the stature of this large minded, big hearted, well willed, companionable spirit. I can here but attempt a few glimpses of the aspect of him I most valued, aided by these two books—but fully aware of the inadequacy of the effort.

Our enquiry is as to what was "the master light of all his seeing," "The insight discovered by many acute minds with which his own came into contact, when as publicist his reputation had reached its zenith, was a natural growth from the young truth-seeking visionary I had first met a generation earlier. Yet of himself he said: "I was only wise when I was about twenty-one."

But perhaps because he could affirm (and with how great an integrity) : " I have never ceased from the inward search," a perennial wisdom, changing its hues rather than its pattern, emanated from his many coloured mind. What was this wisdom, this light? So much of it as came from books was either a fundamental concern with universal ideas or was the literary expression of certain devotional emotions, native to his virginal mind. Both these springs of thinking and feeling he would have named theosophical. Taking the last first, as potent sources of his inspiration I can name two books which set the key-note for after years of activity. *The Voice of the Silence* and *Light on the Path* were books of counsel. A few sentences will show the quality of the counsel : " Before the eye can see it must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." (Comprehending readers will interpret the tears, the sensitivity, as relating to the limiting, personal self). And, again : " Kill out desire, kill out ambition " or " Avoid the deadly heresy of separateness " (*i.e.* from other human beings). Save to an exceptional will these injunctions may appear as exacting the impossible, though Philip Sidney (was it not?) could write, " Desiring only how to slay desire." But our concern here is with a poet's mind and the sentences just cited will be found, otherwise expressed of course, in much of Æ's writing, whilst what interested his friends were his own response, his inward "vows of poverty." Some years later W. B. Yeats wrote of him : " If he convinced himself that any peculiar activity was desirable to the public interest or in that of his friends, he had at once the ardour that came to another from personal ambition." Perhaps this is doing better than killing ambition, transmuting it. It was the work of his specific genius for spirituality that no passing whiff of vain delight in his own powers to stir an audience, move a public or amuse a group (his humour was at once subtle and boyish) no natural wish to seem accomplished could ever remove George Russell more than momentarily from his persistent concentration on the inward ethic in which his homage had been rooted by such counsels as I have quoted.

Besides these there were the source books of his complex cosmogonies, and in chief Madame Blavatsky's great tomes, the *Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, and the *Key to Theosophy* (he avowed to an audience in Dublin a debt to these so late as 1933) and the slender, more scattered writings of his fellow-countryman, W. Q. Judge—"more impressive than any other man I ever met," he said late in life—whose redaction of the *Bhagavad Gita* gave him a wisdom he prized more deeply than any. These books, with the Vedas, Plato, Plotinus, the Gospels, the Epistles attributed to St. Paul, were germinal to his thinking and transposed into the highest keys a temperament which without their classic restraint might have spent itself vainly in a merely ebullient brilliancy, pictorial, auriferous, but void of moral substance. What, then, was this theosophy? Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society had three objectives set for it : To form a nucleus for universal brotherhood ; to study religions, sciences and philosophies ; to investigate psychic powers latent in man. There were other

and varied studies relevant to esoteric enquiry or belief pursued by many, but only the first object was obligatory and as pendant to that fact she had written . . . "whoever feels his interests are one with those of every being poorer or less fortunate than himself . . . is a Theosophist by birth and right." He left the Society in 1898, but the idealism it represented in his early twenties was to continue and mature throughout his life. His withdrawal arose in part through changes in the form of the organisation and in part because, as I remember it, his theosophical chiefs seemed to fear that his "thronging" spirits might lure him from whole-hearted devotion to purely human causes, but he never abjured his early homage. Indeed, four years later he re-applied for membership in the Society, but his application seems to have been mislaid or pigeon-holed. This leads us to a pivotal point in his psychology, since Mr. Eglinton's carefully wrought study reveals Æ as poet of the cosmic consciousness and some duality may be here suspected between the poet and the man. Let us examine it.

One may ask, of the cosmic consciousness as of poetry, "what is it? is it a true thing?" Mr. Eglinton holds Æ's view of it to be implicit in a line of his own he often repeated: "all my thoughts were throngs of living souls." Are we here, then, on the brink of some sacrosanct spookism? Are these "living souls" the "spirits" of the Spiritist, the discarnate denizens of the seance room? A review of these two books in a Dublin daily makes an unworthy, but I hope, accidental suggestion of "seances," when Æ and John Eglinton held discourse together as young men in Kill o' the Grange churchyard. No such ghoul-like element belonged to Æ's mind. He abhorred and denounced necromancy. Utterances of the noble dead as of the noble living—Milton's "two great families"—were, indeed, the constant companions of his thoughts. But these "throngings" are of a subtler origin. Except in the *Dark Lady* (of Shakespeare's Sonnets), whose narrative, as he wrote to me, he had imbibed in meditation, Æ's spiritual visitants were not what the plain person calls "actual" people. They were spirits of earth and sea and air such as he painted, and of whom he averred most positively that he saw them, though he would add: "I do not know whether I see them directly as I see you directly, *if I see you directly*, or . . . as in a mirror." But, if one allows them substance, what then were these beings? Here are two of his answers: "I think with many others that the universe we see is made by the congregation of spirits which inhabit it, as they live again and have their being in an incomprehensible Absolute." Again, "the earth is a person, a goddess and we are part of her, in her." And also he speaks, in a letter I think, of "that spirit whose body is earth." Was this phantasy? I am not here concerned to define phantasy, but let us ask ourselves what we mean by it. A child, a youth, lays, like the young dreaming Æ, his hand or head upon a rock and "feels the Mother Nature warm," magnetic, alive; its inner substance permeable by his own. Is that fantastic? And is it realistic, in contrast, to see in the sun moving in the sky, a burnished, or, in mists, a crimson disc, though astronomers assure us

that what in fact we are seeing is a flaming world almost inconceivably distant and that it is we and our stable earth that move? Is vision, illumination, the less real if it come through an indefinable "imagination"?

I am not here propounding a "case" for the veridicity of Æ's visions—his veracity is in no doubt for those who knew him—or for a "planetary consciousness." The poet's "case" is to convince not through text-book evidences but by the music of his verse. Yet there does remain a question or two. Even if there is no conflict between the "actuality" of external seeing and these esoteric visions, is there no danger that the visionary may lose his terrestrial bearings? Did Æ's theosophical friends fear this for him? Did he a little fear it himself? Is there even a hint of some needed reconciliation in that noble aspiration in which he reveals the spiritual desire behind the inner call of reincarnation to which he would subject himself, reverberant in the poem he called "Love":

" Ere I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace
While I gaze on the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes of men
May I still feel the heart pang and pity, love ties that I would not
release;

May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again."
He need not have feared. His wish to serve humanity was granted even in his life. Æ, temperamentally an Irish patriot and a romantic, was something even more. O'Leary's "romantic Ireland," whose death Yeats deplored, survived in O'Grady, and no less romantically survived O'Grady, again, and with a more indomitable fortitude, in Pearse; it survives Pearse's fate in Russell's poetry, conjoining in one vision the cosmic consciousness and devotion to mankind. Whilst he could say that:

" from fleeting voices
And visionary lights a meaning came
That made my myth contemporary,"

no such lights or voices from within overbore the voices of pity. If, like Wordsworth, he did hear two voices and could follow both, these were not contending divinities. One, rather illumination than voice, "the light in the picture," was "the real person" in the poet. The other, his reliance on the promptings of "the spiritual will," was the real person in the man. He had sought ever "behind the conscience, the love." That is why Mr. Eglinton, who cares greatly for truth, can say of him: "he was all that a man should be." And better than any inadequate praise of mine are the words of a working woman who, sending her subscription to the Æ Memorial, wrote to me, a stranger: "Dear Æ. He walked with God, surely."

H. F. NORMAN

A MEMOIR OF Æ. By John Eglinton. (*Macmillan*. pp. 285. 7s. 6d.).
THE LIVING TORCH. Edited by Monk Gibbon. (*Macmillan*. pp. 582. 12s. 6d.)

THE IRISH SHELF

SWIFT ONCE MORE

JONATHAN SWIFT. By Bertram Newman. (*Allen and Unwin*. pp. 428. 12s. 6d.).

Three years ago I ventured to say in *Studies* that the really live book on Swift will be written for Ireland. No book on Swift has since been written for Ireland; and of those written for other airts—and I think I have read the more important of them—it is doubtful if any one of them has life enough to live even for a few years. Mr. Herbert Davis's edition of the *Drapier Letters* is certainly very complete: the trees are there if not the wood. Mr. W. D. Taylor's *Jonathan Swift* is the best we have seen as a compendium of facts. Mr. Ricardo Quintana's *The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift* is very full in the Gulliver chapter, and this book at hand by Mr. Bertram Newman is sane if not brilliant. Still, one thinks that all those genuine students of Swift were not really under *geasa* to write on him: they might as well have chosen Dr. Johnson for instance, or anybody else.

That is how it feels, even if that is not how it was. The really live book may come out of Ireland for the simple reason that here there is still a perennial clash of opinion about him—a live and warm thing. Lord Longford's play, towards the attitude of which I have no feeling, is testimony to that life and that warmth. Perhaps that book we wait for will appear in Irish. There is every reason why it should. If anything is felt as lacking in those recent books it is a want of insight, that insight that is born in a writer who lives as well as knows his subject. And there will not be insight where there is nothing of that energy that springs from impassioned conviction. In modern writers there is a tendency to agree with Burke's opinion that Swift shows at his best in the *Drapier Letters*. In them he is certainly at his most unconscionable, most political, most powerful, most alive therefore, at his best therefore, for one does not go to him for any subtle thinking or poetic imagining. If this is so, the treatment of those *Letters* will place him who writes on Swift. In all those books the *Drapier* section is the thinnest and the most hesitant. The education the writers have had, the reading they have done, is a flowing tide beneath their reels in all the other chapters: when, however, they turn towards the Anglo-Irish shore, though they may come close enough to spy the Dublin hills, that alien tide prevents them from making any landfall. They make shift with travellers' tales instead. Here is a passage from this book:

"Swift was born in Ireland, brought up in Ireland, and educated in Ireland. This circumstance might have been expected to have left some trace on his genius, but it is hard to find. If he heard, as he must have heard, the tales of heroes and fairies which used to be told by every servant and every peasant in Ireland, we should never guess it from anything that he ever wrote A hard and practical outlook, a realistic estimate of affairs which will not suffer any disturbance from sentiment, imagination or vain memories of the past, constitute—so we are assured by recent and eminent authorities—the true inwardness of the Irish national character; Swift was certainly to display his fair share of these qualities; but it is hazardous to assume that they were fostered in him by breathing the Irish climate in his youth."

How hesitant it is! "Fairies!" and "Irish national character"—no matter whether it is Swift or his contemporary Aodhagán Ó Rathaille we are speaking about. Again the writer would guess at what occupied Swift's mind from 1704 to 1707, years passed by him most probably in Ireland. Well, to occupy him he had his fellow clergy, the archbishop too; and Blenheim's date is 1704, and that of Ramillies 1706; and also there was the Sacramental Test.

True; but it was not Ramillies nor Blenheim nor the Sacramental Test that troubled the hundreds of thousands, Gaels as well as Planters, whose eyes were rivetted on Dublin, on Chichester House during those years—where cold-blooded pens were quietly ensuring almost two hundred years of continuing tragedy. In the books on Swift now coming so thickly from university colleges abroad, we find little or no sense of the evolution of history. And if we hold that the live book on Swift may very probably appear first in Irish, it is because no one, as things now stand, will have achieved sufficient command of that language without having come on at least some share of that sense to advantage him. While thankful for all those books on Swift, one cannot help wondering how closely matched they are, "each under each," in outlay if not in opinions. The *Times Literary Supplement* complains of the plenitude of them. It is not the same sort of book as any of these we look for in Irish. What might first be tackled is—The Swift Legend. Pope, and Swift's own Ascendancy Dublin (Quintana seems to have the idea that it was an Irish city!), in Swift's own time, spoke of Swift as a Patriot. There the Legend began. When did it spread to Catholic Ireland? How? And why? When did he become spoken of as the Founder of Irish Nationalism? Of the Irish Protestant Nation, or the Protestant Irish Nation? When did the Legend become an idol in the marketplace, as it still is? A very piquant book could be written on all this.

None of those outlawed books search the legend; they are rather quiet about it; Mr. Davis in his historical introduction asks himself none of the questions that we in Ireland debate; Mr. Quintana is cold-waterish; while Mr. Newman writes rather disconcertingly:

"Swift attempted much for Ireland. But it cannot be said that his efforts are connected by any living thread of interest with the problems and passions of Ireland to-day. As a political force, it is no one's business to praise, or hardly to remember him there to-day; the situation has changed completely. Nor high as is the place which he has always been allowed to hold on the long and picturesque roll of Irish leaders, had he much in common with his successors. If we may risk a modern parallel, which touches the spirit and not the circumstances, it is with Carson that he has most affinity—in the power, of which he gave every indication, to control as well as to excite, and in the hard core of business and practical consideration which underlay his appeals. Swift's primary purpose was to remove all obstacles to the political and economic development of the class which he called, not very accurately, the 'English in Ireland'; and to insist that they were as good as the 'English in England' and not Irish in the least, etc."

Hard on Swift? Harder on Carson say we, Carson who was not getting his own back on any one.

DANIEL CORKERY

POETRY AND DRAMA

POETRY AND ALL THAT

EQUINOX. By Robin Wilson. (*Nelson*. Centaur Poets. 2s. 6d.).

The very word "modern" applied to art in any shape or form, is so little understood, even by poets, artists, etc., themselves, that they are often quite pleased to hear some of the more abominable variations of the word applied to their own work.

"Modernist," "modernistic," and possibly "modernistical"—as a superlative, are some of the gruesome ingredients of a new hellish paradigm, coined, I fancy, by the makers of cabinets for radio-sets, and now gleefully accepted

by those of the *intelligentsia*, who have always held that even a passing feeling for logic is incompatible with the "true" as distinguished from the "false" artist.

Those readers who suspect that they are in for an irrelevant diatribe on "modern" art will not be disappointed; there are times when nothing but the irrelevant will serve to circumscribe the exact point aimed at, and this is, for me, one of them. There is nothing like invective for inducing that tranquility of mind so essential to the critical faculty, even at the risk of embroiling and infecting the reader to such an extent as to permit him, with fresh and smouldering eye, to turn these new-forged weapons upon one's own helpless head.

In the first place there is not, and never has been, any such thing as "modern" art. It is just a phrase that has been coined to distinguish what is living, complex, and somewhat difficult, and which we consequently hate, from what is familiar, easy, and dead. This distinction has existed from the earliest times to the present day. No artist, poet, dramatist, etc., who is sincere (as opposed to thinking he is sincere) can help being a "contemporary," or, as I should prefer to call it, a "living" artist.

A living poet, or artist, is one who is not only alive in the sense of not yet being dead, but who is spiritually alive to the world and humanity to-day. The other type of artist may be alive to present day affairs; he may read the daily papers and go to the movies. But when he turns to his job—writing, painting and all that, he gets himself on to another plane. He is so unaware of the significance of reality, that he surrounds himself with a smoke screen of "artiness." Like the Puritans, who think that Religion must be dreary, he (and his audience) think that art has got to be "arty." And, as the rules of "artiness" have been laid down already, all he has to do is to get on with the job. Human life as seen by him and his ilk has not yet attained sufficient beauty as it is, to be of "artistic" interest. It has to be draped and "Idealised-up" to be presentable. A century ago (as at the present moment) certain artists could speak of "the glory of the human form divine . . ." A modern artist beholding the human figure, would, I fancy, marvel how frail and pathetic naked humanity seems in face of the sixteen different poison gases, flesh-ripping bullets, shrapnel, liquid fire, and the host of other ordeals it has fashioned for its own destruction. The reflection that humanity thoroughly deserves what it gets, though just, complicates the situation, and affects the vision.

There is more to it than this: it has been held that "modern" art differs from the "traditional" in treatment, not subject. Conversely, it is held that the treatment is the same, but the subject-matter "new." Both these theories are incorrect, since subject, treatment, and medium, are equally interdependent on the point of view (sometimes known as the "philosophy") of the creator.

In other words, modern art is not the product of a new method, but of a new man. And there have been these new men in every generation since the world began. Those much misunderstood "Old Masters," for instance, were "modern" in their day. It was their daring and "modernity" that distinguished them from the throngs of superb craftsmen by whom they were surrounded. Most of them were about as "popular" as Epstein is in London to-day.

Apropos of popularity, it is of interest to note that the growth of Industrialism coincides with the moment when the authority of art-criticism passed over (like the "sceptre of the Drama") to what is known as the Average Man. I have never met one of these, but understand that their chief pride and distinction is that they know nothing about Art, but they Know what they Like.

This is, of course, the grossest of delusions. Everybody knows something about art, whereas if even a few people knew what they really liked, the world would rapidly become a Utopia. It is certain, however, that the arraignment of painting, poetry and drama before a tribunal of those who "like what they fancy they feel," has had a catastrophic effect on all concerned, for the faster the artist accommodates himself to the lower tastes of the public, the faster does the public taste degenerate into the gutter, where it soaks to-day, drifting through the sinks and drain-pipes of retching emotionalism, jazz, and general ballyhoo into the cess-pool of pre-human, amoebal disintegration. Those Average Men !

This explains the well-known lie that good artists are "misunderstood" in their own time. A genius is always understood. That is why people do not like geniuses and persistently starve them as soon as they are detected. Home truths "told to our grandfathers" make amusing reading. We do not appreciate them when turned on ourselves. Nevertheless, it would be unfair to reserve the glories of persecution to Saints and artists. Man is, after all, consistently inhuman. One has only to recall the death by starvation of the inventor of the Diesel engine a few years ago, to remember that this is the usual end of benefactors to mankind. The plums are reserved for those who enslave their fellow-men till they run amok, and when they have reached that stage of lunacy, add still larger sums to their coffers by selling the most up-to-date killing equipment to these wretches to murder each other with, thus by a master-stroke averting attention from themselves, and solving their "economic" problems, simultaneously.

No we have not strayed from the subject at all ! These are the folk that pay the piper, and (according to the financial-moral law) are, therefore, entitled to call the tune.

Those who refuse to recognise the jurisdiction of the piper, and whose tunes are, consequently, unpaid, are the poets, painters and dramatists of to-day who are most detested by the public whose souls they are trying to save. The others are nothing less than hired narcotic-poisoners. For, of the masses to-day, it would indeed be true to say, inverting the Marxist dictum : Dope is the religion of the people. Marxist dope, Fascist dope, Nationalist dope, Capitalist dope, Art, Craft, Book and Stage dope. Anything but the truth !

It is a relief to turn to a poet who proves the inadequacy of generalisations by failing to conform with any of my definitions. It is pleasant to lay down categories, but more pleasant to find that, in fact, poets and artists are not so easily divided into sheep and goats. Robin Wilson is certainly not a modern poet. But he also takes good care that he is not "modernistic." My chief quarrel with him is for a certain impeccability in his verse: the sort of "good taste" which is bad taste to-day. Nevertheless, he has written a poem in this volume which undoubtedly earns him the poet's privilege of having his chain tested by its strongest link, and, when a poem is good, quotation is better than praise :

XAUEN.*

The wild bee will have its nest
Under the eagles, under the snow,
Where there is honey there is rest,
Where there is rest I go.

Out of the rock, out of the stone
The sweetest water spills,

* The Holy city of Morocco.

And the wild fig-tree had not grown
But that it loved these hills.

Xauen, thy name is like a sigh
And I am all undone
These bitter snows that bite the sky,
This plenitude of sun.

The mosques that nurse thy ancient hate,
The streams that would assuage,
The peace that came to thee too late
And now is turned to rage.

CECIL FRENCH SALKELD

MEDIÆVAL MORALIST

PIERS PLOWMAN. By T. P. Dunning, C.M., M.A. (Dublin: *The Talbot Press*. London: *Longmans, Green and Co.* 8s. 6d. net).

Mr. Dunning's work, based on a thesis accepted by the National University of Ireland for the M.A. degree, is an analysis of the thought in the A text of Langland's *Piers Plowman*, in the light of XIV-century ideals and opinions.

The need for such a study is undoubted. The importance of patristic influences in Middle English literature has been recognised comparatively recently; and most criticism of the thought of *Piers Plowman* has been too pre-occupied with the abuses which Langland attacked to consider fully why he was at one with the Church Fathers in attacking them. This one-sidedness has influenced criticism of the poem's artistic aspect. "Rambling, confused, and almost formless, the *Vision* has small claim to be regarded as a piece of literary art," says Professor Hudson. "Externally, the unity is perfect," says Mr. Dunning. The difference lies in the latter's knowledge of mediæval teaching, which gives the allegory of the poem sustained and vital meaning.

The book is primarily of academic interest, but the non-academic reader will be well repaid for some heavy going by an insight into mediæval teaching on such current problems as Money, Labour, and that crux of modern civilization, the distinction between private property and its use. Mr. Dunning has done his work well; and not the least interesting feature of the book is his comparison of Langland with Dante.

ROGER MCHUGH

THE THEATRE

STUART MASQUES AND THE RENAISSANCE STAGE. Allardyce Nicoll. (*Harrap*. 36/-). pp. 224. 197 Illus.

This is a specialised study of those wonderfully elaborate "amateur theatricals" of the Stuart Court, accounts of contemporary Italian and French festivities and staging methods (chiefly from Sabbatini and Furrtenbach) being used to supplement both the often meagre stage directions of the texts and the fine collection of Masque designs, by Inigo Jones and others, preserved in the Duke of Devonshire's Chatsworth collection. A selection of these are reproduced here for the first time and as many are "works in progress," one can often follow Jones working out his ideas. He was the designer of the English Masque and his ingenuity and restrained exuberance of effect are alike admirable. The influence of these lavish shows on the public theatre must have been great, and the author's detailed study of every aspect of the Masque, and of the tastes and psychology of the aristocratic circle responsible for its

elaboration, makes this clear. In hundreds of details he reveals the manners and tastes, the artful carelessness and the reckless extravagance of a Court enamoured of Italian ideas: 3 costumes are recorded to have cost £249, roughly £800 per costume to-day, while an ancient warrior had "fifty dozen of Egretts" as a crest for his helmet (costumes were always a special feature, as the Masque was generally a peculiar mixture of fancy dress ball, banquet and allegorical stagemask); a Masque by the King's Inns cost some £200,000 of present-day money for one night's performance; as a contrast, owing to the usual lack of a front curtain, scene-changes were done before the audience, and to distract attention Sabbatini suggests that "a confidential person" start a row at the back of the hall! Such details and the careful analysis of methods for achieving the effects recorded by contemporaries, make this a fascinating companion to the *Development* of very general appeal. Either would make a delightful and valuable gift.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

SECRETS OF THE CHINESE DRAMA. By Cecilia S. L. Zung. (*Harraf.* 299 pp. +xxv. 240 ills., 54 in colour. 21s.).

This is a real labour of love and unique, to my knowledge. I know of no drama for which one can find summarised, as here, in systematic fashion the whole of its technique with every detail illustrated and cross-referenced to action photographs from actual productions. There are about 50 of these. Also unique are pages of 20 snaps or so, showing a make-up from start to finish. These are excellent. There are coloured illustrations also of types, and everywhere there is this care and attention to detail. The text is as good, concise yet detailed, while some 50 plays are given in synopsis (gramophone records of well-known players, like Mei Lan-fang, world famous for his woman roles, are listed at the end of each). The only defect is lack of either an actual actor's script or else a scene reproduced line by line, with intonations, music, effects, accompanying movements noted (no detail needed, these could be referred, by number, to the earlier chapters on technique). In this way, the foreigner could build up a mental picture of an actual native production. A single page of text would do. This would then complete a marvellous work of patient enthusiasm. Perhaps Miss Zung would try an annotated play text on these lines, as an illustration of this book. The labour would be immense, but we foreigners would at last know what native drama looked like. Somehow *Lady Precious Stream*, though genuine enough and a wonderful show, seemed removed from the "real thing," if only because it is an adaptation for Western appreciation. To anyone at all interested in things Chinese, this is a fascinating book, and for actors and producers, the source material it contains for practice in balletic, stylised acting must prove invaluable. Anyone capable of achieving some of the effects depicted cannot but be a fine artist with his body—and what else is an actor?

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

MISCELLANEOUS

BALLET

INVITATION TO THE BALLET. By Ninette de Valois. (*John Lane.* pp. 367. 12s. 6d.)

This is a beautifully illustrated invitation to the English ballet, now ready to do independent and native work—if the English public lets it. Such English choreography and dancing as has already developed, some of it quite good, has so far suffered in the balletomane's estimation from the fact that it *was*

English. Why Alice Marks should dance better as Alicia Markova, I don't know, but certainly, her public gets "more of a kick" from Markova than from Marks. The truth is, of course, that "getting a kick" is 90 per cent. of balletomania; it is sheer wallowing in sentiment, desire for glamour, exoticism and, provided the theatre is dark enough, some eroticism also—what else do many people see in *Spectre de la Rose*, *Thamar*, *l'Après Midi*? Also, there is the personal appeal of young, exquisitely moving dancers. . . . Yet all these are legitimate elements of appreciation, and in trying to promote some sense of proportion about them, this book discusses these and many other problems of Ballet in the coolest, most level-headed way yet. With little that is really new in this book there is what is more valuable: a constant debunking of the latest stunts and a re-statement of facts of experience, from Noverre onwards, which is long overdue. There is a personal evaluation of Diaghileff, some very practical notes on repertory ballet organisation and, finally, a sometimes caustic study of audience, dancers, choreographers, critics and writers. About the critics she is often pungent and as to writers, surely Rayner Heppenstall's *Apology for Dancing* deserved mention—there is more in this than in most studies of ballet, while she is definitely unfair, I think, to Lieven's *Birth of the Ballets Russes*. But this apart, it is a very sound book, revealing a woman who knows what she wants. That failure to achieve this after years of genuine work in the Abbey should have soured her view of us Irish, is, I suppose, inevitable, especially as her class never liked us anyway. But it is a pity—for the book.

P. J. FITZSIMONS

DESIGN FOR THE BALLET. By C. W. Beaumont. (*The Studio*. 152 pp. ill. 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.).

Is a good complement to the *Invitation*. Here is a pictorial survey of ballet decor and costume for the last 15 years. All the illustrations are interesting, some are genuinely lovely in themselves, notably Doubuzhinsky's design for *Raymonda* (p. 89) and Gustav Olah's costumes for *Kuruc Fairy Tale* (p. 107), a Budapest production. The range is wide—nearly every important ballet, from Cocteau's *Les Maires de la Tour Eiffel* onwards, and every country in Europe is represented, as well as America (New York, Buenos Aires, etc.). Rolf de Maré's Ballets Suedois is very well represented and quite a number of the best English Ballets are shown. Generally, the original designs are given, and failing these, photographs. If anything, the latter are preferable, since most designers, no matter how distinguished, seem incapable of putting their ideas clearly on paper, a strange fact that Polunin discovered years ago.

Mr. Beaumont contents himself with a very brief introduction and a note of designer, composer, choreographer and first production for each design. This is rather disappointing, as the specific reactions of this well-known critic and ballet publisher would have been most interesting. But, perhaps, this is too much to expect, for there are some 250 designs in this book. At any rate, it is a fine production and well worth having; Mr. Beaumont and the *Studio* are alike to be congratulated.

P. J. FITZSIMONS

MONEY

MODERN MONEY. By Myra Curtis and Hugh Townshend. (*Harrap*. 7s. 6d.).

When the report of the Banking Commission is published, our Credit Reformers are likely to avail of the opportunity for a general attack. One would like to feel that their arguments are based on something solid, that they have

traced to causes the effects they deplore, and that they have taken into account the repercussions of their solution. This is not written to discourage the reformers; there is ample room for improvement, as this new work by two reasonably orthodox economists will show. Even now, the slumps, of 1929 in U.S.A. and of 1932 in England, are a mystery to the economists, their causes a matter of conjecture, and their prevention in the future a subject of academic debate.

For this, however, we cannot blame the authors of *Modern Money*. They set out to describe things as they are and have done a hard task well. They have compressed into reasonable space an enormous amount of information on the creation of money, the accretion and disposal of income, and the institutions which have grown out of these vital processes. Few books on this subject are easy reading, but the present volume is, in parts, made unnecessarily difficult for a student by the use of ambiguous phraseology.

The conditions which prevailed ten years ago have, in the publishers' words, "ceased to have more than a historical or theoretical interest," and it is worthy of note that virtually every work mentioned in the authors' list of books has been written within that period. One feels, however, that modern conditions cannot properly be understood or explained except as a development of previous conditions, and that the book would have been improved by a more detailed description of pre-war finance. Only in this way could the significance of "gold," now largely theoretical, be explained.

The attempt to give the books a general application by parenthetical references to the United States was hardly worth making; the additional information is not of sufficient value to offset the risk of confusion in a student's mind. Furthermore, there is apparent throughout, a certain vagueness regarding current banking and accountancy practice; this is important, not so much to first year university students as to those older people interested in the subject, whose practical experience would enable them to detect, here and there, a minor flaw in detail, of no consequence to the argument, but sufficiently disconcerting to make them distrust the theory. The chapter on Money Income, for example, is made unnecessarily complicated by references to Income Tax Practice. The basis on which Income Tax is assessed is largely arbitrary, and has no reference to the economic concept of income. Apart from this, however, some of the references are inaccurate. It is not correct to state that a rise in the aggregate value of stocks in hand is not assessed for Income Tax.

The book is intended for general readers, for first-year students of economics, and for those following extension courses. Subject to the minor defects (always emphasized unduly in a short review) referred to above, it will serve its purpose admirably.

D. C. L.

THE WAY TO GOOD SPEECH. By Barbara Story. (*Nelson*. 2s. 6d.). pp. 143.

This is a very clear and practical treatment of speech problems, and useful to all required at any time to speak in public. Really helpful exercises are introduced just at the right stage in the treatment of any point, and insistence is made on the necessity for personal practice till good speaking becomes instinctive. There are interesting chapters also on the fundamental speech-rhythms of English speakers and on the pointing of verse-speaking. A really good introduction to the subject, especially as conversational speaking is constantly catered for and taken as the norm for development.

MARION REID

TASTE AND FASHION. By James Laver. (*Harrap*. 12s. 6d.). pp. 267.

There is a subtitle to this—"from the French Revolution to the Present Day," and the author, Keeper of Paintings, etc., Victoria and Albert Museum, has covered this period very well in his analysis of the relation of dress to current social trends. The dating of prints from the costumes depicted led him to pursue the subject farther and this book is the result. Written in a very lively yet accurate style, he manages to co-ordinate the innumerable details of this rather confused period of design very clearly, ranging from underwear to sports' clothes, a feature of value to costume designers; while his views, derived from this general survey, on possible trends of present-day fashion and the reasons for them, are really interesting. The whole book conveys a picture of the social life of the period, especially the relations of the sexes, that is genuinely fascinating. Women should like this book.

MARION REID

FICTION

MIXED QUARTETTE

LITTLE CHILDREN. By William Saroyan. (*Faber and Faber*. 7s. 6d.).

BRYNHILD. By H. G. Wells. (*Methuen*. 7s. 6d.).

CASTLE BRAN. By K. F. Tegart. (*Faber and Faber*. 7s. 6d.).

FORTUNE MUST FOLLOW. By D. G. Waring. (*John Long*. 7s. 6d.).

William Saroyan has written something like 300 stories within the last three years, and he seems to me to be one of the most interesting of contemporary prose-writers. He is certainly one of the most attractive. Saroyan's style (undisciplined and often pretentious, in his earlier books) achieves in *Little Children* a felicitous maturity. It has charm, certainty, freshness, distinction.

Saroyan is a Romantic and offers, in the development of his style, an interesting contrast to Hemingway. The fundamental merits of Saroyan's prose are somewhat similar to those of Hemingway's style. But Saroyan, the Romantic, has given his medium strength, variety, flexibility; Hemingway, the Realist, has been driven by that limitation of outlook to become a parodist of himself.

To the reader whose taste has been formed on the conventional commercial short-story, Saroyan will probably be disappointing at first. In a previous book he described one of his prose-pieces as, "this which I have written and which is not a story, since it does not follow the three rules, and which is not a poem, and not an essay, and not anything else, only itself, precisely what it is, itself." This description would fit every story in *Little Children*. These are not slices or segments of life; they are tangents to the circle of life.

The stories vary in length, in content and in treatment, but each one is a finished piece of work. When you read it you feel that Saroyan—ignoring the three rules—has said just what he wanted to say; that the story (lacking complication, climax and denouement) is still a living organic product. Perhaps the stories in this book which most clearly exemplify this are: *Laughing Sam*, *The Sunday Zeppelin* and *The Mexicans*.

Mr. Wells' new novel must be one of his poorest efforts. It chronicles the doings of Rowland Palace, a novelist who is preoccupied with the necessity of presenting a Facade to his public, and of Immanuel Cloote, the plausible and unreliable publicity agent employed by Palace to erect the Facade. Brynhild provides a good listener for the expansive Palace, and—but for one lapse—makes him a faithful wife. The solitary lapse is due to Mr. Alfred

Bunter, Palace's greatest literary rival. But Bunter has a Past, and its discovery by Cloote ensures that he doesn't have a future. He goes back to Wales and oblivion, leaving Palace blissfully unaware that his first child is a plagiarist.

It is generally agreed that Wells, as a novelist, is best represented by *Mr. Polly*, *Kipps*, and *Tono Bungay*. *Brynhild* is a belated and unsuccessful return to that earlier manner. The theme offers Mr. Wells abundant scope, but his treatment of it is sadly uninspired. It lacks the old exuberance of language and the old gusto in the handling of broadly-humorous situations; and it offers nothing to make up for this deficiency.

Lady Tegart's book about a Big House is *Ascendancy* in outlook—but not offensively so. And it has the considerable merit of being entertaining. She creates in *Castle Bran* an atmosphere in which pathos would be quite incongruous; the breaking of the engagement between Rosalind and Denis is one of the gayest incidents imaginable. The whole book has a refreshing quality, imparted by the author's unfailing and subtle sense of comedy.

Lady Tegart's style is crisp, clear, and supple. She has an amazing talent for exploiting the individual sentence. *E.g.*—"She had just helped herself to a piece of buttered toast when he delivered himself of a most embarrassing declaration of passion." *Castle Bran* has rare technical competence. The conversation at dinner on the night of Mr. Herring's arrival deserves particular notice as a magnificent piece of dovetailed dialogue.

Fortune Must Follow has the same setting as the author's previous novel, *Out of Evil*. Neil McCrane, ex-Intelligence Officer, gets a job as manager of an estate in the Mourne district of Co. Down. He starts with every conceivable handicap, but, of course, he wins through. He is omniscient, as befits a "hush" man, he quotes Kipling when things get a little beyond him, and he has an exasperating immunity from bodily injury.

As you may have gathered, he is a loathsome specimen. Nevertheless, he wins golden opinions by the score, puts the estate on its feet, traps a gang of cattle-smugglers, and marries the girl—after the reader has been given his requisite bit of suspense.

The author's attitude to Partition is rather amusing. She seems to think everything would be lovely in the garden if only the Free State had the sense to come in with the Six Counties. Incidentally, the format of this novel—even by British standards of book-production—is very poor.

NIALL SHERIDAN

FRANCIS MACMANUS

THIS HOUSE WAS MINE. By Francis MacManus. (*Talbot Press*. 7s. 6d.).

This book calls forth sincere admiration for a piece of work exceedingly well done. If it does not bring Mr. MacManus much nearer the forefront of Irish novelists it is because of limits at the outset, whether consciously imposed or not, I do not know, but limits that cut it off from the whole spirit of the modern novel. The book has a saga quality, that of the primitive not the debauched romantic sagaesque. The characters are, they live, move and have their being, but the stage is set and the tragedy moves to its predestined close with classic inevitability. This quality is in all of his work that I have read: *Stand and Give Challenge*, *Candle for the Proud*. His people live, but according to that external mould that is tradition; their souls do not live through them. Their revolt, when they revolt, is part of the tradition; they are symbols, though drawn with force and sureness of line. It is this very

certainly, achieved through a preoccupation always with the known, that gives the book, for me, a certain formalist rigidity. Art is eternally pressing on the limits of the known, where the mystery resides, achieving often confusion, chaos and puzzlement through its creatures who give up certainty in the search for essence.

This House Was Mine is the story of the Hickey family, Kilkenny farmers, of a hard and tyrannous grandfather, a weak father and a son in whom a delicate and overworked mother has lit slow fires of resentment and rebellion, which break out after her death when they try to marry him to a woman of their choice. There are scenes of horrible intensity in the book. Martin Hickey's half-attempt to debauch the labourer's daughter his son wants to marry: that scene in the kitchen, when, his father dead, his son gone from him, Martin fills the kitchen with a band of travelling tinkers to sing and dance to the music of a mouth-organ—the chorus effect suggesting the classical again. It is all true and pitifully true, the writer has heart and sympathy and understanding.

It is unfair to carp at a book for not being what it never tried or pretended to be. My excuse is the perfection of its achievement within its limits. I should like to see Mr. MacManus put more of himself into a novel.

EDWARD SHEEHY

THE SQUARE PEG. By John Masefield. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.)

This is Mr. Masefield's thirty-fifth work and his eleventh novel, but while it will detract nothing from his reputation either as poet or novelist, it will certainly add nothing thereto. It is a slow and quiet tale (tale is the word) of a gentleman called Mansell, also known as "The Gun Fella," because of his invention and manufacture of an object known as "the Mansell Gun."

Mr. Mansell buys a property called *Mullples Priory* as a home for himself and his bride, and then the fun begins (in a quiet way). Mr. Mansell by his hustling ways and his disregard for country tradition makes quite a little mess of trouble for himself, and succeeds in antagonising the whole countryside. Eventually he turns the eighteenth-century theatre, which had formerly been used as kennels, and which forms part of his new property, over to a number of brilliant people, who start a "Mullples May Festival," while the house which he had reconstructed becomes a guest house for nature students or something equally idyllic. The country people are freed of his attentions, which he turns towards Russell Square and Ideals and Guns.

The whole thing reads like a rather pleasant day-dream of what Mr. Masefield would do with his money if by some odd mischance he suddenly found himself the owner of a large arms manufactory—or a Sweep winner.

D. MACD.

1937 ESSAY ANNUAL. Edited by Erich A. Walter. (*D. Appleton-Century Co.* 6s.). pp. 374.

To readers unfamiliar with this variant of the similar annual productions, such as *Best Short Stories* or *Best Poems*, it is merely necessary to testify to the competence of Mr. Walter, of the University of Michigan, to effect the most representative and entertaining selection. Where such names as Mencken, dos Passos and Pearl Buck abound, there is assurance of "good hunting."

M. O'H.

MEN MUST LIVE. By Rearden Conner. (*Cassell*. 7s. 6d.).

This is the story of an Irish village and of the development of the Republican movement, told by a man who is more ignorant of his subject, in my opinion,

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CASSELL

than it is possible for a man who has lived in Ireland to be. There are bits of good writing in it here and there, and, though still a caricature, it is far less offensive than his previous novel, *Shake Hands with the Devil*, which made out the Republican movement to be the work of conscienceless homicidal maniacs. If Mr. Conner has known Ireland as a close observer he does not betray the knowledge. In fact, one wonders why the story should be located in Ireland at all; why not in Russia or Spain? Anywhere it would be equally untrue.

G. G.

SEVERAL REVIEWS HAVE BEEN HELD OVER OWING TO PRESSURE ON SPACE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE WHITE OWL. By A. M. P. Smithson. (Talbot Press. 5s.).
 THE ECONOMICS OF THE INFLATION. By Prof. Constantine Bresciani-Turroni. (Allen and Unwin. 25s.).
 TALK IN THE TOWNLANDS. By Dorothy M. Large (Talbot Press. 5s.).
 A PURSE OF COPPERS. By Sean O Faolain. (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.).
 KEEP TROTH. By Marie Conrayville. (Talbot Press. 3s. 6d.).
 THE CRISIS OF OUR CIVILISATION. By Hillaire Belloc. (Cassell. 8s. 6d.).
 ORIENTATIONS. By Sir Ronald Storrs. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s.).
 TALES OF MOURNE. By Richard Rowley. (Duckworth. 6s.).
 HELEN'S TOWER. By Harold Nicolson. (Constable. 15s.).
 PHILOSOPHY AND THE PHYSICISTS. By L. Susan Stebbing. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).
 PARNELL OF AVONDALE. By W. R. Fearon. (Sign of the Three Candles. 3s. 6d.).

GEORGE WEBB

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THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 OCT.—15 NOV.)

Presidential Election Bill debated in Dail. Northern Ireland Labour Party rejected resolution on unity and will continue development within Six Counties in co-operation with British movement. Six County Attorney General proposed at Unionist meeting change of name of Government from "Northern Ireland" to "Ulster." Mr. de Valera in Dail, said ministers reverted to original salaries in public interest. Irish Monarchist Party published aims of limited elected monarch and house of lords. Army Pensions Bill introduced. Bill introduced regulating wages and conditions for shop workers. At Tourist Association, Minister Sean Lemass announced extension of Employment Act, giving total of 600,000 workers holidays with pay; Government considering development of resorts. Allotment Holders annual meeting demanded fixity of tenure; 600 unemployed worked plots; "disaster if movement failed," said Fr. E. J. Coyne. Guild for gypsies included in activities of St. Vincent de Paul Society. In verdict on Kirkintilloch bothy disaster, jury recommended inspection of accommodation for seasonal workers.

Armistice commemorations in many centres; wreath from Saorstát laid on London Cenotaph; royal arms on facade of Dublin Castle offices blown up. Four British soldiers, natives of Derry and Dublin, killed in Shanghai fighting. Formation of vocational guild proposed at Pharmaceutical Society. Daniel Corkery addressed inaugural meeting of Keating Gaelic League branch. At Claisceadail, An Seabhac said attempt at community singing at Croke Park had been a failure. 1,400 entries at New York Feis. Tributes to Catholic tolerance paid at Protestant synods; Bishop of Cork said Ireland was quietest place on earth. Rev. S. Colquhoun, Vicar of Sandymount Protestant Church, suspended for "ritualistic" practices. Annual meetings of *Rioghacht* and *Regnum Christi*. At new O'Connell Schools Union dinner, Minister Sean Lemass paid tribute to work of Irish Christian Brothers. J. J. Campbell, speaker at C.T.S. Social Week in Belfast, said there were Catholics who by their injustices promoted Communism. Art and social injustice could not exist side by side, said John Keating, in radio series on Art and Catholicism. Irish bishops on *ad limina* visit to Vatican. Canonical recognition of remains of Fr. Charles at Mount Argus.

Chain of Dublin Municipal Libraries completed with opening of libraries at Fairview, Ringsend and Terenure. Stephen O'Mara gave gift of site for Limerick Municipal Offices. Minister Sean T. O'Kelly inaugurated library for hospitals. £26,000 of Lord Nuffield's £150,000 gift for hospital research allocated to Six Counties. Twenty-second Hospitals' Sweepstake, on Cesarewitch; total receipts £2,695,000; prizes, £1,583,000; hospitals, £493,000; in seven years £50,000,000 has been distributed in prizes and to hospitals. New technical schools opened at Hacketstown. Exhibition of school building plans in Dublin. On personal appeal of Archbishop, Achill school meals dispute settled. Rent dispute in Loughrea; explosion at Harewood estate office. High Court dismissed appeal of Ward Union Races against income-tax. Scott gold medal for bravery awarded to Garda Sergt. Jos. Egan. Alleging distortion by some newspapers of a public "kissing" case, D.J. decides to hear all indictable cases *in camera*. New systems of street-lighting installed on mile of Merrion Road. Sea Fisheries Association requested Government to take over its duties. Government enquiry in Cork dispute recommended immediate consideration of problem of duplication of trade unions. 64,000 Saorstát motor vehicles registered in 1937, increase of 4,000. October was driest October for 100 years, according to Ordnance Survey records. Civil Engineers Institution discussed Dublin traffic problem. Dr. A. G. G. Leonard lectured in U.C.D. on smoke pollution. E. P. Hart lectured on municipalisation of passenger transport at Connolly-Mallin Hall.

Government set up committee to advise on design in industry. Saorstát external trade for October was £2,738,000, imports being £1,150,000 and exports, £1,588,000; figures for 1936 were £2,894,000, £1,163,000 and £1,731,000. On grounds that Saorstát mills are capable of supplying market, importation of high-grade cloths prohibited. Production began in Athlone cotton factory, to employ 1,000, and re-organised Clondalkin paper mills. Dispute between creameries and Department on home price of butter owing to rise in world prices. 4,000 acres in Offaly to be developed to produce 120,000 tons of turf a year. New turf-burning stoves exported from Drogheda to Falkland Islands. K. E. Edgeworth delivered presidential address to Electrical Engineers Institution on peat development. Government efforts to prevent closing down of Dublin Dockyard. Two steamers for B. and I. service launched at Belfast.

Art exhibitions by John Keating at Waddington's, Paul Henry at Combridge's, Mrs. Brendan O'Brien at Dublin Arts Club, and Irish Art Society, opened by American Minister, at St. Stephen's Green Gallery.

Died: Éamonn Rice, Fianna Fáil deputy for Monaghan; Fr. Matthew Ryan, 94, Tipperary, Gaelic worker and Land Leaguer; Patrick Caffrey, Glasgow, "Laureate of the Docks."

DENIS BARRY

INDEX

Explanation: The capital Roman numerals indicate the volume, the small Roman numerals the month. Thus II, ii, 58 refers to page 58 of the July number of 1937.

GARRY, DENIS	Month in Retrospect—November, 1936, to December, 1937	
HARTLEY, J. O.	Poetry and The Moderns	I, vii, 25
	Book Review.	
HANTON, ROBERT	Purchasing Power	I, ii, 9
HURKE, MICHAEL	Book Reviews.	
BRENNAN, EILEEN	Poems : 23rd Inst.	II, ii, 50
	Winds of the World	II, viii, 48
BRODERICK, THE HON. ALBINA	Correspondence.	
BROMAGE, PROFESSOR A. ..	Some Observations on Administration in Saorstát Eireann	II, ii, 11
BROMAGE, MARY COGAN ..	Book Review.	
BROPHY, JOHN	A Message	I, i, 7
BUCKLEY, EOGHAN, D. ..	Art : Exhibition of International Architecture	II, ii, 62
BOURKE, J. V.	Foreign Control of Industry	II, xii, 21
CALVERT, RAYMOND	Short Story : Lyin' Like a Lamb	I, i, 56
CAROLAN, SORLEY B.	Fired Out at 10 p.m.	II, vii, 39
CARTER, WILLIAM	Short Story : An Ulster Elysium	I, ii, 53
	Theatre : Lament for a Province Without Playwrights	I, vii, 68
	The Drama in Ulster	II, i, 73
CHILDERS, ERSKINE H. ..	The Spread of Industry—Gains	II, iv, 45
COFFEY, BRIAN	Poems : Image as a Young Lady, Odalisque, I, vii, 18; The Navigator, II, i, 49; Kallikles, II, ii, 10; North Wind, II, viii, 48; Antiochus Got an Ague, II, ix, 32, Morning Offering, II, xi, 33.	
	Book Review.	
COLUM, PADRAIC	Poems : Cathal's Farewell to the Ryefield, II, i, 48; The Story of Lowry Maen, II, vi, 22.	
CONNOR, ELIZABETH	Short Story : The White Gloves	II, viii, 49
CORKERY, PROF. DANIEL ..	Short Story : Children	II, vi, 49
	Book Reviews	
COSTELLO, J. C.	Poem : Andalusia	II, x, 44
COTTER, MAIRE	Poem : Renunciation	I, vii, 35
CREMIN, C. C.	Archaeology and History	II, iv, 19
	Book Review.	
CURTIS, PROF. EDMUND ..	Book Section : This Irish Literature Surveyed Once Again	I, v, 62
	Book Reviews.	
DALTON, GEOFFREY F.	Distributism : The Third Road	II, viii, 23
	Film : The Irish Film, I, iv, 64; Discontinuity, II, viii, 73.	
DELAMERE, J. J.	Music : Review.	
DESMOND, J. B.	The Republic, 1916-1923	II, iii, 28
DEVANE, DR. JAMES	Four Irish Myths	I, i, 9
	Is an Irish Culture Possible ?	I, v, 21
	Nationality and Culture	I, vii, 9
	England and Ireland	II, iii, 35
	An Irish Fantasy	II, vi, 43
	Toward A Just Social Order	II, x, 27

DEVLIN, DENIS	Poems: <i>Freedom No Object</i> ; <i>Lord, I can't Have it Both Ways</i> , I, vii, 33; <i>Little Elegy</i> , II, iii, 33; <i>Death and Her Beasts</i> , <i>Ignoble Beasts</i> , II, v, 34; <i>D'Artagnan Makes a Case</i> , II, xi, 34. Translations from the French: <i>Na Leannáin</i> ; <i>Tóranh</i> , II, iii, 44; <i>La Beauté</i> ; <i>Brise Marine</i> , II, v, 52; <i>La Chanson du Mal-Aimé</i> , II, viii, 27. <i>Book Reviews.</i>		
DILLON, MYLES	<i>Irish in the Schools</i> <i>Book Reviews.</i>	..	II, ii, 19
DONAGHY, LYLE	Poem: <i>The River</i>	I, v, 40
DONNELLY, CHARLES	Poems: <i>Poem</i> , II, i, 48; <i>The Intolerance of Crows</i> , II, ii, 50; <i>Heroic Heart</i> , II, vii, 30.		
DOWLING, JOHN	<i>The Abbey Theatre Attacked—I</i> Art: <i>The Academy</i> , I, i, 60; <i>School of Art Reorganisation</i> , I, ii, 57; <i>The Haverly Trust</i> , I, iii, 57; <i>Pictures at the Horse Show</i> , <i>The National College of Art</i> , I, iv, 52, 54; <i>Dublin Municipal Art Gallery</i> , <i>Harry Kernoff, R.H.A.</i> , I, v, 51, 53; <i>The National Gallery</i> , I, vi, 64; <i>Reply to E. M. McGuire</i> , I, vii, 51; <i>The National Gallery Again</i> , II, i, 62; <i>Surrealism</i> , II, ii, 60; <i>Modernist Art</i> , II, iii, 61; <i>Cubism</i> , II, iv, 61; <i>Mainly McGonagil</i> , II, vi, 64; <i>Money</i> , II, vii, 55; <i>Modern Architecture</i> , II, viii, 61—II, ix, 59; <i>Dublin Galleries</i> , II, x, 63; <i>Emmet Memorial</i> , II, xi, 64; <i>Keating</i> , II, xii, 61.	..	II, i, 35
DOWLING, DR. J. J.	..	<i>Guglielmo Marconi</i>	II, ix, 26
DUNALEY, LADY BEATRIX	..	<i>Intermarriage</i>	II, vii, 52
EDWARDS, DR. R. DUDLEY	..	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
ENRIGHT, EAMONN	Poem: <i>The Tale</i>	I, ii, 52
ENRIGHT, JAMES A.	..	Poem: <i>Nightingale in the Orchard</i>	II, xii, 36
FITZGERALD, JOHN	<i>Spain—Prospect and Retrospect</i>	II, xi, 9
FITZGERALD, THOMAS	..	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
FITZSIMONS, P. J.	Music: <i>The Ballets Russes de Paris</i> <i>Book Reviews.</i>	..	I, ii, 60
F. JAY	<i>Correspondence.</i>		
FLANAGAN, REV. GERALD	..	<i>Correspondence.</i>		
FLEISCHMANN, PROF. ALOYS	..	<i>Ars Nova: Irish Music in the Shaping</i> <i>Composition and The Folk Idiom</i> <i>Book Reviews.</i>	..	I, ii, 41 I, vi, 3
FLEISCHMANN, TILLY	..	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
FORD, EILEEN FOWLER	..	<i>Why not an Annual Dramatic Festiva?</i>	II, x, 59
FUNNELL, F.	<i>Correspondence.</i>		
GEARY, DR. R. C.	<i>Ireland's Population Problems: Commentary I</i>	I, vi, 20
GILL, ERIC	<i>Monetary Reform</i> <i>Ownership and Industrialism—I</i> <i>Ownership and Industrialism—II</i> <i>Correspondence.</i>	..	II, v, 19 II, vi, 9 II, vii, 11
GILMORE, GEORGE	<i>Correspondence.</i> <i>Book Review.</i>		
GOBÁN SAOR, THE	<i>On the Making of Machines</i> <i>Amortisation of the Tributes</i>	I, vii, 37 II, iii, 45
GREGORY, PADRAIC	..	Poems: <i>Good-bye to the Glens</i> <i>Lament for a Dead Leader</i>	I, i, 30 I, ii, 20
GRIFFITH, NEVIN	<i>Book Review.</i>		
GUINNESS BRYAN, HON.	..	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		

HACKETT, FRANCIS	The Greater Ireland	I i, 31
HANLEY, KEVIN	Book Reviews.	
HAYES, DR. RICHARD	Book Review.	
HOBSON, BULMER	Forestry and the Gaeltacht	I, iii, 33
		Book Reviews.	
HOGAN, PROF. JAMES	The Anglo-Irish Treaty	II, ix, 9
		Ireland and the British Commonwealth, 1931-1937	II, x, II
		Book Reviews.	
HOGAN, PROF. J. J.	Book Review.	
HUMPHREYS, RICHARD	Let's Make Our Highways Safeways ..	II, v, 35
HUNTER, ALAN	Book Review.	
JACOB, ROSAMOND	The Right to Kill	II, iv, 58
JACOB, T. F. HARVEY	The Slum Problem	II, iv, 29
		Correspondence.	
KANE, FRANK, DR.	Ireland's Population Problems : Commentary II	I, vi, 24
KAVANAGH, PATRICK	Poems : <i>The Hired Boy ; Listen</i> ..	I, v, 61
KEATING, SEÁN	William Orpen : A Tribute	II, viii, 21
		Book Review.	
KELLY, ANNA	Book Review.	
KELLY, FRANCES	Paris : The Exhibition	II, viii, 58
KELLY, VINCENT.	Book Review.	
KENNEDY, SHEILA G.	The Foundations of Modern Ulster ..	I, ii, 21
		Irish in the Schools	II, iii, 58
		Our Western Seaboard	II, xii, 13
		Book Reviews.	
KERNOFF, HARRY	Correspondence.	
LANE, JOHN	Poem : <i>The Dancers</i>	I, iv, 30
LAWLER, DERMOT	Book Reviews.	
LESLIE, SHANE	Book Review.	
LEVENTHALL, DR. A. J.	Book Reviews.	
LINKLATER, ERIC	Book Review.	
LONGFORD, RT. HON. EARL OF	Theatre : <i>A Dramatic Tour of Ireland</i> ..	II, iii, 70
LONGFORD, CHRISTINE, LADY	Book Review.	
LUCY, CAPT. JOHN	Foreign Commentary, July, 1937, to December, 1937.	
		Book Reviews.	
MCANALLY, SIR HENRY	Correspondence.	
MCCABE, LEO	Correspondence.	
MCCALL, BRADLEY	The League of Nations	II, vi, 27
MCCARTHY, DONAL	National Control of Water Resources ..	II, iii, 22
		Hospitals and Their Administration in Ireland ..	II, ix, 33
		Hospitals and the People's Needs	II, x, 37
MCCARTHY, ETHNA	Short Story : <i>Flight</i>	II, iv, 52
MCCARTHY, JOHN	Book Reviews.	
MCCRUDDEN, BRIAN	Poems : <i>We Must Rise up to Rebellion Again</i> ..	I, vii, 36
		<i>Easter Week</i>	II, iii, 34
MACDERMOT, FRANK	The Real Wolfe Tone	II, xi, 35
MACDONAGH, DONAGH	Poems : <i>Not as the Eagle</i>	I, iii, 26
		<i>Nox Est Perpetua Una Dormienda</i> ..	I, vii, 34
		<i>He is Dead and Gone, Lady</i>	II, vii, 30
		Book Reviews.	
MACGINLEY, CONOR	Thatch	I, iv, 31
MCCFETERS, J. N.	A Landscape from Downpatrick	II, xi, 46
MCGREEVY, THOMAS	Art : <i>Apropos of the National Gallery</i> ..	I, vii, 52
		Book Reviews.	
MCGUIRE, EDWARD A.	Art and Industry	II, i, 9
		Art : <i>The National Gallery Again</i> ..	I, vii, 50

MCGUIRE, E. M.	The Citizen in Industry	II, xi, 19
MCHUGH, ROGER	A Viennese Medley	II, xii, 9
		Book Reviews.			
MCLAVERTY, MICHAEL	Short Stories : Aunt Suzanne	II, ii, 48
		Leavetaking	II, vii, 45
		A Game Cock	II, x, 51
MCLEOD, CATRIONA	Book Reviews.			
MACMANUS, M. J.	Book Reviews.			
MACNEILL, PROF. EOIN	Our Whig Inheritance	I, vi, 53
MCNICHOLL, GERALD	Correspondence.			
MACSWINEY, MARY	Book Section: The Republic.			
MACSWINEY, REV. PATRICK	The Craftsman's Defeat at Kinsale	II, v, 77
MALONE, ANDREW E.	Book Reviews.			II, iii, 13
MAN FROM THE NORTH	The Architecture of Belfast	I, iii, 51
MANSERGH, DR. NICHOLAS	Agriculture in the Modern State	I, vi, 45
	..	The Chaos of the Mind	II, viii, 37
MARTIN, AMBROSE	Origin of Spanish Civil War	I, iv, 9
MEENAN, JAMES	Ireland's Population Problems : Commentary III	I, vi, 28
MEREDITH, PROF. HUGH O.	The Economic Function of Nationalism	I, i, 21
	..	Toleration and Persecution	I, iii, 27
	..	Poems : The Chorus Condoles with Admetus A Chorus from Euripides	I, ii, 30 II, i, 8
MILNE, CHARLES EWART	Medley in Spain	II, ix, 41
	..	Short Story : Escape	II, xii, 49
	..	Poems : Two Way Poem	I, v, 41
	..	Book Reviews.			
MITCHELL, MAIRÍN	The Struggle in Spain	I, iv, 11
	..	Light from the North : The Sanity of Sweden	I, vii, 19
MONTGOMERY, NIALL	Translations : Remords Posthume, Chant d'Automne	II, iv, 34
	..	Westwego	II, ix, 56
	..	Adharca Fiadhaigh	II, xii, 56
MURPHY, GERALD	Book Reviews.			
MURRAY, S. J.	Industrial Training	II, v, 9
	..	Technical Education	II, viii, 9
NAGLE, J. C.	Music: Review	II, v, 66
NORMAN, H. F.	Book Section: The "Vision" of George Russell.	II, xii, 73
O'BEIRNE, GERALD	Hibernian Night's Entertainment	II, xii, 57
O'BRIEN, FRANK	The Irish Bourgeoisie and the Social Question	II, ix, 27
O CEALLAIGH, SEAMUS	Book Reviews.			
O'CONNOR, FRANK	The Gaelic Tradition in Literature	I, i, 41; I, ii, 31
	..	Short Stories : The Flowering Trees	I, vii, 41
	..	Grandeur	I, iii, 43
O'DONNELL, PÉADAR	What I Saw in Spain	I, iv, 17
	..	Achill, Arranmore and Kirkintilloch	II, x, 45
O'DONOVAN, PATRICK P.	Rural Life on the Continent	I, iv, 47
O'DONOVAN, JAMES L.	Ireland's Population Problems : Introductory Book Reviews.	I, vi, 8
O'DONOVAN, PETER	Chesterton : A Tribute	I, iii, 41
	..	Book Reviews.			
O'DRISCOLL, GARRETT	Riddle of the Mud	II, v, 53
	..	Is Fascism Our Fate?	II, xii, 43
	..	Short Story : Fair Day	II, viii, 49
Ó FAOLAIN, SEÁN	Commentary on "Is An Irish Culture Possible?"	I, v, 32
	..	The Dangers of Censorship	I, vi, 57
	..	The Priests and the People	II, vii, 31
	..	Book Section : The Spring Lists ; On the Prob- lems of the Irish Critic I, ii, 69 ; Cheap Editions ; A Special Note I, iv, 67.	
	..	Book Reviews.			
Ó FARACHÁIN, RÍOBÁRD	Poem : Bean Ná Feaca	I, v, 42
Ó FLAHERTY, FLANNAN	Short Story : Danse Macabre	II, iv, 49
	..	Book Reviews.			

- O GALLCHOBHAI, EAMONN .. Music: *Fundamentals*, I, i, 62; *The Broadcasting Orchestra*, I, ii, 59; *Musical Criticism in Ireland*, I, iii, 59; *Atavism*, I, iv, 56; *John McCormack*, I, v, 54; *The Orchestra—I*, I, vi, 66; *The Orchestra,—II*, II, ii, 64; *Academies and Professors*, II, iii, 63; *Academies and Professors—II*, II, iv, 62; *Feis Átha Cliath*, II, v, 61; *The Dublin Operatic Society*, II, vi, 67; *Free State Broadcasting*, II, vii, 57; *Free State Broadcasting—II*, II, viii, 64; *Amateur Orchestral Societies*, II, ix, 61; *Irish Musical Fund*, II, x, 64; *Ballet and Irish Ballet*, II, xii, 64; and *Current Reviews*.
- O'GORMAN, JOHN .. Art: *Gropius: The International Trend of Modern Architecture* I, vii, 57
Correspondence.
- O'HORAN, PADRAIG K. .. The Celtic Revival in Cornwall II, iii, 27
"O. I." .. True Wisdom or Mere Knowledge II, i, 57
- Ó LAOGHAIRE, LIAM .. Film: *Cinema as Cinema*, I, i, 67; *Supports*, I, ii, 66; *Things to Come*, I, iv, 65; *The Dilemma of Documentary*, I, v, 58; *Irish Cinema and the Cinemas*, II, i, 74; *The Art of Fritz Lang*, II, iii, 72; *Film and Theatre*, II, iv, 69; *Sanctity and Sentimentality*, II, v, 72; *Coming Films*, II, viii, 74; *The Position of the Cinema in Ireland*, II, x, 71; *Contd.*, II, xi, 73; *Contd.*, II, xii, 69, and *Current Reviews*.
Book Reviews.
- Ó LAOI, TOMÁS .. Book Reviews.
- Ó LOCHLAINN, COLM .. Book Reviews.
- O'MAHONY, D. D. .. Short Story: *The Better Part* II, i, 50
- O'MALLEY, ERNEST .. The Sack of Mallow I, iv, 39
- O'MAOLCHRAOIBHE, F. .. Poem: *Tuircanh na mBan do Theasdaigh Uainn* II, vii, 44
- Ó MEADHRA, SEÁN .. Sack of the Abbey II, ii, 25
Theatre: *Critic and Regisseur*, I, i, 64; *Poet and Peasant*, I, ii, 62; *Murder in the Cathedral*, I, iii, 62; *Some Thoughts on the Abbey Theatre*, I, iv, 59; *Theatre-Craft—I*, II, viii, 67; *Theatre-Craft—II*, II, ix, 64; *Theatre-Craft—III*, II, x, 67; *Theatre-Craft—III (contd.)*, II, xi, 70; *Reviews*, II, xii, 67, and *Current Reviews*.
Book Reviews.
- O'NEILL-KING, MICHAEL .. Foreign Commentary, February to June, 1937.
Book Reviews.
- O'RAHILLY, THE .. Book Review.
- O'REILLY, TERENCE .. Short Story: *The Scythe* II, v, 43
- O'ROURKE, HORACE T. .. The National Character I, v, 9
- O'SULLIVAN, SÉAMUS .. Book Review.
- PAKENHAM, THE HON. F. A. .. Ireland and Germany I, v, 15
"PAT" .. Correspondence.
- PENDER, SEAMUS .. Book Reviews.
- POLLOCK, DR. JOHN H. .. Poems: *Retrospect*, I, i, 8; *Tradition*, I, iii, 4; *Exotic*, I, v, 20; *The Fourth Field*, II, iv, 8; *Constance*, II, v, 18; *Landscape in Donegal*, II, xii, 20.
Book Reviews.
- POWER, ARTHUR .. Correspondence.
- PYLE, FITZROY .. Book Reviews.
- QUINN, DAVID .. Poems: *Northern Ireland*, I, ii, 52; *The Shivering in My Bones*, I, iii, 32; *Pain of Invasion*, I, iv, 30.

REDDIN, KENNETH	Short Story : <i>A Student's Dance</i>	II, i, 58
REID, MARION	<i>Book Review.</i>		
REID, FORREST	<i>Book Review.</i>		
ROBINSON, LENNON	Lady Gregory	I, ii, 49
		Maurice Maeterlinck	II, xii, 31
ROSS, LAURENCE J.	Facing the Issues in Ireland	II, i, 19
		<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
RUDMOSE-BROWN, PROF. T. B.	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
RYAN, DESMOND	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SALKELD, BLANAID	Poem : <i>Away</i>	II, xii, 36
		<i>Correspondence.</i>		
		<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SALKELD, CECIL FFRENCH	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SAVAGE, D. S.	Poem : <i>Winter</i>	II, x, 44
SHEEHY, DR. E. J.	<i>Book Review.</i>		
SHEEHY, EDWARD	Retrospect	I, i, 49
		The Philomath Sings	I, iii, 19
		The Unpopular Front	II, iv, 35
		The Will of the People	II, viii, 29
		Tone and The United Irishmen	II, xii, 37
		Short Stories : <i>Broken Harness</i>	I, v, 43
		Fog	II, ii, 51
		Poem : <i>Promise</i>	I, iii, 32
		Art : <i>Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts</i>	II, v, 57
		Book Section : <i>A Survey of Attitudes</i> , II, i, 77 ; <i>Art and Society</i> , II, ii, 72 ; <i>Books and</i> <i>Prisons</i> II, x, 78.		
		<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SHERIDAN, NIALL	How Does She Stand ?	II, vi, 59
		<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SKEFFINGTON, HANNA S.	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SKEFFINGTON, OWEN S.	Foreign Commentary, June, 1936, to March, 1937.		
		<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
SOUTH, HERBERT WILLIAM	Music : <i>Some Irish Christmas Carols</i>	II, xii, 62
STRONG, L. A. G.	<i>Book Review.</i>		
STRONG, RUPERT	Short Story : <i>The Death Bed</i>	II, xi, 51
SUIBHNE GEILT	Poem : <i>Tir na hOige</i>	II, xii, 56
TIERNEY, JAMES J.	<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
TIERNEY, PROF. MICHAEL	Christianity and the Classical Tradition	I, iii, 9
		Ireland in the European Chaos	II, iv, 9
		<i>Book Reviews.</i>		
TREANOR, AGNES	A Plea for the Teaching of Civics	II, xi, 59
TRENCH, PROF. WILLIAM F.	Swift and His Ireland : A Lecture	I, iv, 21
		Book Section : <i>Jonathan Swift</i>	II, iii, 79
USSHER, P. ARLAND	<i>Caoine</i>	II, vi, 41
		<i>Caoine and Note</i>	II, x, 43
WALL, MERVYN	The Abbey Theatre Attacked—II	II, i, 43
WATERS, B. B.	National Monetary Policy	I, v, 33
		A Way of Salvation for Rural Ireland	II, v, 27
WEAVER, W.	Short Story : <i>Death Comes to John Meldrim</i>	II, vi, 53
WHITE, REV. VICTOR, O.P.	<i>Correspondence.</i>		
WILSON, T.	The Survival of Democracy	II, ii, 33